

# THE GRAND LANYON

By Colin Baker

When the Big Finish releases were still in single figures and Maggie Stables's redoubtable Evelyn Smythe had barely recovered from being taken by a badly dressed Time Lord to meet a long dead queen of England (and all that barely a few hectic hours after meeting the aforesaid make-over candidate), her next outing - and the Sixth Doctor's third solo story - took them to a territory very familiar to lovers of what some might term 'a traditional *Doctor Who* story': Cornwall. A world of cream teas, a quintessentially rural English landscape with crumbling ruins, windswept moors and all that traditionally lurks beneath the surface in the best of such desolately set fiction.

Nicholas Pegg wrote and directed the story. He is an irritating fellow. Not only is he taller than me, and I have always found that a discourtesy that is hard to bear, he is also remarkably learned for one so young and would be most people's first choice for a phone-a-friend lifeline when stumped by that million pound question. And it's always hard to forgive anyone who has all that and is a thoroughly nice bloke with an apparent easy affection for his fellow man.

Nick gathered a rather fine bunch of performers around him for this piece. James Bolam is an actor I have greatly admired for many years, who seems to have unerringly picked some of the best television programmes in which to demonstrate his prowess, including one of my favourites, the two *Beiderbecke Tape* series.

He effortlessly assumed the role of the Frankenstein-like aristo with a bee in his bonnet and more money than sense; his wife, the greatly underused Susan Jameson, was a menacingly affable Mrs Moynihan. They joined his eminence the Brig (aka Nicholas Courtney), who can do no wrong, Toby Longworth, for whom the words irrepensible and versatile were invented, Maggie Stables, Barnaby Edwards, Helen Goldwyn and myself in bringing to life this tale of menace, mystery and ancient evils.

We were still recording the Big Finish stories in Fulham then and we shared some most convivial luncheons in, as I recall, an Italian restaurant around the corner from the studio. I always remember the lunches, but unless the work is painful, the details of that tend to fade into the comfortable general misty recollection of jobs gone by. Clearly, this was a most enjoyable job as all I can remember three years later is a general feeling of affection for the participants and a vivid memory of a job well done. Nick Pegg's script was well researched, meticulously constructed and had enough long words to please this unreconstructed philologist and obsessive grammarian. He shares my disinclination to follow the current trend of writing down to an audience (not in evidence in Big Finish productions - well, not in my stories at least, I would disingenuously suggest!).

I learned of the arcane mysteries of the fogou, thitherto unknown to me. I was finally present when the Brigadier once again saved the Earth; his Earth-saving statistics must be at least as good as any Doctor's!

The story has many fans out there. I should perhaps keep count of the reactions that satisfied Big Finish customers have shared with me in letters and at

conventions. But without having done so, I can only testify that *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* is up there with the fave raves of many of you wonderful people who continue to give us the opportunity to make more audio magic. And given the almost impossibly high standard of the stories I have recorded thus far, that is saying something.

Anyway, next time you find yourself in a Cornish fogou, watch out! That Cornish pixie may just be a Tregannan. And if you don't know what I'm talking about, then you've missed a darn good yarn!

# THE SPECTRE OF LANYON MOOR

By Nicholas Pegg

'Could you write us a little introductory piece about where *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* came from?' comes the request pleasantly. 'Okay,' I parry wittily, blithely failing to consider until a few days later what a baffling injunction this actually is. For, like any piece of writing, *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* came from all over the place.

Impossible though it may be to unravel a precise moment of origin, I think it's safe to say that most of the threads that would eventually make up *Lanyon Moor* came together in Gary Russell's living room one morning in the summer of 1999. At the time Big Finish Productions were still hoping to interest Tom Baker in the possibility of returning to the *Doctor Who* fold, and on that summer's morning Gary and I hatched the idea that Tom should be offered three contrasting story treatments: the first a very traditional, old-school *Doctor Who* story; the second more contemporary in feel; and the third completely off-the-wall - the idea being that, whatever Tom's frame of mind when looking through them, he might find something that appealed to him. 'All right,' said Gary. 'Let's begin at the beginning. What sort of ingredients should the ultra-traditional storyline include?' Quick as a flash (and, it must be confessed, without a great deal of thought), I rattled off a medley of ingredients from *Doctor Who* episodes that I'd enjoyed as a youngster - 'It should be set in a little village surrounded by misty moors, with an archaeological dig, and there should be a mad old villain who lives in a stately home, and all sorts of spooky folklore and stuff.' For some reason Gary liked the sound of this frankly incoherent pitch and promptly declared, 'Well, you'd better write that one then.'

And so it was that Gary commissioned three storylines from three different writers. Mine was called *For Fear of Little Men* (after the poem by William Allingham quoted by the Doctor in the finished script), and despite its unashamedly traditional flavour, Gary instructed me at the earliest stage to remove the references to UNIT and to get rid of a suggested cameo appearance by the Brigadier - he didn't want it to be *that* traditional. As I'm sure you know, later that year Tom Baker opted to decline the Big Finish offer, whereupon Gary decreed that all three storylines should be re-drafted for other Doctors: mine was allocated to Colin Baker and his newly created companion Evelyn Smythe. I digested Evelyn's character breakdown and exchanged notes with Jacqueline Rayner, who was then in the midst of scripting Evelyn's debut story, but otherwise I was given a free hand to take the new character in any direction I liked. I resolved to employ Evelyn as a catalyst in the other imperative I'd been handed by Gary, which was to soften the more abrasive side of Colin Baker's Doctor (a development favoured by both actor and producer - and, having re-watched a couple of Colin's old episodes, it was a development of which I wholeheartedly approved). I reasoned that if the Doctor's character were to be mellowed, then it would make sense that Evelyn, the new influence in his life, should be the occasion of his mellowing. She's older and wiser than the Sixth Doctor's other assistants, so it seemed logical to me that she should react to his temper tantrums with calmness and common sense, rather than by joining in the shouting as Peri used to do.

Before I began writing in earnest, Gary got in touch again to say that he wanted me to include the Brigadier after all – not as a five-minute cameo, but as a full-blown guest role. Nothing could have made me happier: Nicholas Courtney is an old friend, a fine actor and a delightful man, and I was not unconscious of the fact that it was something of an honour to be scripting his first proper encounter with Colin's Doctor. I swiftly ejected one of my original characters, a crusty old archaeologist called Leamington-Smith, and redrafted the storyline so that his function within the plot would be fulfilled instead by Lethbridge-Stewart (same initials, coincidentally). And then, at last, I started writing.

Re-reading the original treatment now, I can see that in addition to the various alterations brought about by the change of Doctor and the Brigadier's involvement, my initial ending was a bit of a mess. I originally had my alien forcing the Doctor to take him into space in the TARDIS, a development which was not only less dramatically satisfying, but also probably rather too reminiscent of a couple of previous *Doctor Who* stories. So I rewrote it to allow the spacecraft to land on the moor instead, which I think lent the story a rather more impressive climax. The Brigadier's tussle with Sancreda, in which he outwits him by removing the gadget from his wrist, was a later replacement for the rather drab solution I'd originally outlined in the treatment, which was some sort of disappointing jargon about static build-up: far better, I think, to finish on an act of heroism than a piece of techno-babble. In fact, until the final draft, it was the Doctor who stayed on board to outwit Sancreda, but thankfully it occurred to me at the last minute that it would be more appropriate to bestow that honour on the Brigadier.

My brief from Gary, as I've explained, was to provide an ultra-traditional earthbound story, taking its cues from the style, but not the substance, of the early Tom Baker seasons. As I began writing, it became apparent that the switch to Colin Baker worked to the story's benefit, offering the Sixth Doctor the kind of fictional milieu he'd never experienced on television, and at the same time lending a new spin to a script that might otherwise have seemed just a little *too* traditional. Nevertheless, I think some listeners may have been so carried away (or possibly just irritated – it's a matter of opinion) by the 'trad' trappings of *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor*, that they came to believe that the story itself was unoriginal, which I don't really think is the case. Quite obviously and quite deliberately, the setting and the superficial style of delivery are steeped in the tradition of stories like *Terror of the Zygons* and *Image of the Fendahl*, but that's really just a matter of tone – the window-dressing, if you like. Any *Doctor Who* story you care to mention could be re-tooled for delivery in the same style. But the actual *plot* of *Lanyon Moor* wasn't indebted to any previous *Doctor Who* story, or not intentionally at any rate. In fact, if I was ripping off anything, it was George Eliot: one of the main plot elements in *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* was inspired by her novel *Silas Marner*. It's a wonderful book and I don't propose to spoil it for anyone who isn't familiar with it, so you'll have to read it to find out what I mean.

The rest of the story derived from my lifelong interest in archaeology. When I was eleven or twelve, the most important and studiously re-read books in my bedroom were *The Secret Garden*, *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and *A Guide to Ancient Sites in Britain*. The last of these, a comprehensive gazetteer of Britain's

prehistoric remains written by a husband-and-wife team called Janet and Colin Bord, was a gift from my parents, who were well aware of my growing interest in stone circles, long barrows, chambered cairns, henges, cromlechs, quoits, souterrains, hillforts, fogous, and all the other humps, bumps, tunnels and stones that were left scattered across the landscape by our distant ancestors. The book has long since been superseded on my shelves by more substantial and scholarly works, but none has ever charmed and enthralled me quite like the original, which still stands proudly among them, tattered and torn but more or less intact after countless journeys up windswept hills and down muddy farm tracks as far afield as Anglesey, Dorset and the Orkney islands.

Whether at home or in the field I would read and re-read this book constantly, memorising the dates and facts and figures and the gorgeously evocative names of the sites - Belas Knap, Long Meg and her Daughters, Hetty Pegler's Tump, the Ring of Brodgar - and revelling in the macabre legends that surrounded them. A wedding party turned to stone when the Devil's deadly tune forced them to dance beyond midnight on the Sabbath day - that's the Stanton Drew circles in Somerset. A farmer's field cursed and poisoned by the stones that will grant any wish whispered to them by moonlight on Hallowe'en - that's the St Lythans cromlech near Cardiff. A quiver of diabolical missiles hurled by Satan at a newly-built church - that's the Devil's Arrows in Boroughbridge. A king and his army petrified by a witch after losing a bet - that's the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire.

Oddly, it escaped my twelve-year-old attention that the Rollright Stones had recently made an appearance in *Doctor Who* as the principal location in *The Stones of Blood*, which you'll be unsurprised to learn was one of my favourite stories of its day. Although the chosen location was in Oxfordshire, the story is plainly supposed to be set in Cornwall: the county is never mentioned by name, but there's no doubt about it. If the references to cliffs, Plymouth and disused tin mines aren't enough, David Fisher's identification of his fictional stone circle as 'Boscawen-yn-Dumnonia, one of the three Gorsedd's of the Island of Britain' clinches the matter. This stuff isn't made up - that's a real stone circle he's talking about. Its official name is Boscawen-ûn, and it's about a mile off the A30 halfway between Penzance and Land's End. Boscawen-ûn is regarded by archaeologists as one of the most significant of Cornwall's many circles, although to the layman's eye it's far from being the most impressive (most of the stones are no more than three feet high). And in any case, it would have been an awfully long way for the BBC to travel to film it, so I think we can forgive them.

Few other parts of the British Isles are so comprehensively steeped in ancient sites and their attendant folklore as is Cornwall. There are the Merry Maidens and their Pipers, turned to stone for dancing on the Sabbath. The Hurlers, similarly petrified for indulging in the Celtic sport of hurling on the Lord's day. The Mén-an-Tol, a mysterious holed stone through which naked children were passed three times as a safeguard against scrofula, rickets and rheumatism. Carn Glouce near Cape Cornwall, where weary tin-miners making their way home after sunset were said to see strange lights and tiny figures dancing among the stones.

It doesn't matter that these stories are romantic nonsense; their attraction lies in what they tell us about human nature. There's something endlessly fascinating about the interpretations superimposed on antiquity by people who were born thousands

of years after the true purpose of these sites had been forgotten. It's a process that continues to this day, although the increasingly ridiculous pseudo-mysticism of today's crop of would-be ancients, who drive up to Avebury in their home-made Gandalf robes to sit cross-legged among the stones gazing into crystal balls, is something that seems to me to be deluded at best, and at worst a kind of vandalism. It's saddening to visit an ancient site and find the stones defiled by posies of flowers and blobs of candle-wax and rain-spattered notes scrawled to the imagined spirits of the site and left lying around like rubbish. It's perfectly understandable that an increasing number of people should be searching for something spiritual in an ever more materialist world, but it's difficult to take seriously the kind of simple-mindedness displayed on the piece of litter I picked up recently at Carn Euny in Cornwall that read: 'To the God of the Fogou: Thank you for helping me through my recent troubles, and for my new bicycle.' It would be funny if it weren't so sad. The fact of the matter is that we don't know what these buildings were for - although the best guess of most archaeologists is that fogous were probably used for storing grain. In a few thousand years from now, perhaps equally silly people will be leaving *billets-doux* to our ghosts at the steel silos you see in modern farmyards, or worshipping at the ruins of the Millennium Dome, or the gents' toilets in Leicester Square. They won't mind where it is, just so long as the place is old and ruined and seems to them to pre-date the wickedness of modernity.

What's especially silly is that our ancient sites, in their silent nobility, are more than mysterious enough already without the blandishments of New Age nonsense. The awe-inspiring engineering feats of our distant ancestors speak more lucidly of the power, devotion and momentous importance of these buildings than any half-baked pseudo-mystical claptrap could ever hope to do. And the legends that surround them, handed down over the centuries, are considerably more satisfying than the historically groundless gestures of the new paganism.

All of this enthusiasm found its way in one fashion or another into *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* which, whatever else its shortcomings, contains no fake folklore. All the legends and superstitions mentioned in the story, including the ancient mysteries dug up by Evelyn in Sir Archibald's library, are genuine tales from various different sites in Britain. Most of the names, too, are borrowed from real places: Lanyon Moor is a fictional locality, but it's named after Lanyon Quoit, a gigantic Neolithic burial chamber which is one of Cornwall's best-known prehistoric monuments. There's a line somewhere about the planet Sperris, which is the name of another quoit near Zennor, a pretty little village on a rugged part of the Penwith coast which was one of the places I had in mind when creating the main setting of the story. Sir Archibald's residence was based on a beautiful Elizabethan mansion called Trerice House, which is in fact near Newquay, so I had to move it about thirty miles down the coast to fit my story. The little carving found by the Doctor and Evelyn was inspired by a carving in the Boleigh fogou near Lamorna, and 'the Pixies' Hall' and 'the Fogie Hole' are the nicknames of other genuine fogous. The venomous alien Sancreda was named after St Sancred, an obscure figure in the early Cornish church who accidentally killed his father and served his penance by living as a swineherd for the rest of his days. I named his brother Scryfan after another Cornish monument, the Mên Scryfa (Cornish for 'inscribed stone'), which stands near the more famous Mên-an-Tol, the 'stone of the hole' which inspired many of Barbara

Hepworth's famous sculptures and lent its name to one of Sancreda's pieces of technology.

But as I mentioned earlier, the setting and style of *Lanyon Moor* didn't dictate its subject matter, which was something quite different. When all's said and done *Doctor Who* is light drama - it isn't Ibsen or Shakespeare, nor should it try to be - but that doesn't mean it shouldn't have a few things to say. In my mind, if nowhere else, the thematic backbone of *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* wasn't really built on Celtic folklore or monsters or mad scientists, but on the rather more universal themes of solipsism and hubris and the loss of social interaction. *Doctor Who* isn't (or shouldn't be, in my opinion) about heroes and villains. It's about altruists and egoists. That's what makes the Doctor such a fascinating character: notwithstanding his cherished freedom to roam through space and time, he is ultimately an altruist, because he knows that an unconditional belief in personal and moral freedom is an immature fantasy. True freedom comes with the recognition of social responsibility, and of the individual's position in the social web. Those who are beguiled by the illusion of freedom simply become more and more entrapped in the egoism of a self-centred fantasy, and the web slowly becomes a net. That's what *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* is really about, because that's what has happened in different ways to Sir Archibald, and Mrs Moynihan, and Ludgate, and Sancreda, and even (until the Doctor's timely arrival shakes him out of it) Professor Morgan.

Each of these characters has in some way been damaged by life's experiences, and in each case the reaction is to turn inwards into bitterness and self-regard, which is the very opposite of what the Doctor and the Brigadier do. That's why the Doctor knows that his outburst to Professor Morgan is wrong of him: it's born of intellectual superiority, but it's motivated by the temptation to succumb to a kind of intolerance that ill befits him. And that's why Evelyn scolds him, and why he apologises, and why both men emerge from the quarrel enriched. Morgan's encounter with the Doctor was imagined as a moral journey in miniature, opening up his mind just when it was in danger of closing, and giving him a new lease of life. I really shouldn't have killed him off - that was a rotten thing of me to do.

Anyway, that's the Pseud's Corner bit over with. All these ideas are bubbling under the surface, and they're available if you want them. But they're not essential, because *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* is really nothing more or less than a piece of entertainment - and that's what *Doctor Who* should be.

Having just re-listened to *Lanyon Moor* for the first time in nearly three years, I think it does its job of entertaining reasonably well. I'm very pleased with the performances, and Alistair Lock did an excellent job on the post-production and music. Naturally I can see great throbbing inadequacies in the script, which hindsight allows me to perceive as overlong and unnecessarily talkative at times, and there are moments when I'm wearing my archaeological zeal on my sleeve a little too ostentatiously. But to be fair on myself, I'm generally quite happy with the way most of it plays. I'd forgotten a lot of the banter, which I rather enjoyed hearing again; in fact, I think on the whole it's a fairly decent piece of work. If I were rewriting it today I wouldn't rip it to shreds, although I'd certainly want to tighten up the pace and exercise a little more lightness of touch here and there - and, needless to say, I'd be sure to correct the continuity slip-up of which I was blissfully

unaware at the time. I've since been informed repeatedly by fans that the Doctor doesn't discover that the Brigadier is married until the Sylvester McCoy story *Battlefield*, which is something I didn't realise and which, in my defence, nobody raised at the draft stage. Anyway, I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation for the Doctor's partial memory loss after *Lanyon Moor*. It's explained in a story that hasn't been written yet, that's all.

I was halfway through writing *Lanyon Moor* when Gary asked me if I'd like to direct it too. I'd initially assumed that either he or Nicholas Briggs would handle it, given that they'd directed all the Big Finish audios up to that point, but Gary, who knew that I'd done a lot of directing, had other ideas. I was initially rather reluctant, thinking that maybe the script would benefit from a fresh eye, but Gary made a point of talking me into it. I'm very grateful that he did, because I can't imagine relinquishing it to anyone else now.

I cast *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* entirely from people I'd previously worked with in theatre and radio. I'd acted with James Bolam a couple of years earlier in a rather *outré* theatre production of Molière's comedy *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in which, for reasons with which I won't bore you, both he and I ended up wearing glittery cloaks, silver lamé bodices, preposterous hats resembling bishops' mitres with Mickey Mouse ears, and a lot more make-up than is usual for men of our ages. Over the course of the hundred-odd performances we bonded as only two actors in such ridiculous attire could hope to do. While I was writing *Lanyon Moor* it gradually became clear to me that James would make the ideal Sir Archibald, and that Mrs Moynihan would be a perfect role for his partner, the delightful Susan Jameson, who had also been in the Molière play. James and Sue brought a wonderful impact to the production, investing their performances with gravity and jollity in equal measure, and I'm very grateful that they made time in their busy schedules to join the cast. They received sterling support from Toby Longworth and Helen Goldwyn, two other theatre colleagues who made their Big Finish debuts on *Lanyon Moor*, and my old university friend Barnaby Edwards who, like Toby and Helen, would later go on to make many more appearances on the Big Finish roll-call.

When introducing locations and characters into any script, I do my best to colour things in a little, which is why several of the directions you'll find in the *Lanyon Moor* script might appear needlessly visual for an audio drama – take a look at the initial description of Mrs Moynihan in Scene 2, for example. The purpose of such directions is to communicate my intentions to the actors and the sound designer, thereby enabling them to convey those intentions to the listener. For similar reasons, when I'm directing in whatever medium, I always begin by giving the cast a few thoughts as to the overall style and atmosphere that I want to achieve. I told the cast of *Lanyon Moor* to approach this particular play as something like *The Hound of the Baskervilles* or an Edgar Allan Poe story – a spooky thriller with supernatural overtones, but not without a healthy dollop of humour. I even brought along a few photographs of Cornish moors and fogous for the cast to look at, the better to conjure up the environments in which they were acting – a sterile, windowless studio in Fulham lacks a certain atmosphere and can't be relied upon to fire the creative imagination. The photos were also of assistance to Alistair Lock in creating the vocal acoustics inside the fogou during post-production.

The script reproduced in this book is the one that we took into the studio, so any



minor changes were made during the recording itself. One of them concerns the size of Mrs Moynihan's dogs: in that same stage direction in Scene 2, you'll notice that they are described as a pair of Cairn terriers – the kind of little yappy dogs of which ladies of a certain age seem particularly fond. When we came to record Mrs Moynihan's death scene, Colin Baker very sensibly pointed out that if the dogs really were that small, the Doctor would hardly stand by and watch them tear her to pieces. He was quite right, of course: on that occasion I had allowed my appetite for black comedy to override common sense. I decreed there and then that we'd change the dogs into a pair of enormous Doberman Pinschers – the sort of animals you wouldn't tackle even at the best of times, let alone if they were possessed by an alien goblin.

Aside from the fact that poor Colin arrived at the studio nursing a rather nasty cold (occasioning another last-minute addition to the script), the recording went very smoothly on *Lanyon Moor*. I have particularly fond memories of a hysterical wildtrack session at the end of the first studio day, when I recorded various members of the cast performing evil imp chuckles, both singly and in groups, so that Alistair could layer them up or choose individual ones for use at various points throughout the play. Sue Jameson's imp can be heard prominently during Sir Archibald's death scene, while Helen Goldwyn's imp, which was positively spine-chilling, contributes a couple of shrieks to Nikki's death scene at the end of Part One – which means that Helen is effectively attacking herself.

There was a very jolly atmosphere in the studio. Everyone seemed confident with their roles and with the script, and we all worked hard and happily together. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that *The Spectre of Lanyon Moor* ranks among the most enjoyable experiences I've ever had as a director.

And as a writer too, come to think of it.



# THE SPECTRE OF LANYON MOOR

## CAST

THE DOCTOR	Colin Baker
EVELYN SMYTHE	Maggie Stables
THE BRIGADIER	Nicholas Courtney
MRS MOYNIHAN	Susan Jameson
PHILIP LUDGATE	Barnaby Edwards
PROFESSOR MORGAN	Toby Longworth
SIR ARCHIBALD FLINT	James Bolam
NIKKI HUNTER	Helen Goldwyn
PELAGIA STAMATIS	Helen Goldwyn
CAPTAIN ASHFORDE	Nicholas Pegg
CORPORAL CROFT	Helen Goldwyn



## PART ONE

### SCENE 1: Ext. ICE-AGE EARTH

*Howling wind. A blizzard in a snowy wilderness. The storm is building in intensity. Two alien visitors to the planet are communicating by telepathy. SCRYFAN, the pilot, is at the ramp of the survey ship, and the sound of the storm is quieter for his speeches to denote their different settings. Their voices are guttural and aggressive.*

**SCRYFAN** Landing ground to survey unit. Emergency take-off procedure initiated. Request position. Where are you, Sancreda?

**SANCREDA** Scryfan. I am collecting samples in the third quadrant of sector nineteen.

**SCRYFAN** Sector nineteen?

*We hear a wolf howl in close proximity to SANCREDA.*

**SCRYFAN** What was that?

**SANCREDA** Primitive indigenous scavengers. A pack of the creatures has been circling me for most of the day.

**SCRYFAN** Sancreda, it is imperative you return to the ship immediately. Meteorological conditions are deteriorating rapidly. We are under orders to return to the fleet at once.

**SANCREDA** There have been storms before.

**SCRYFAN** It is not a matter for discussion, Sancreda. The flagship has initiated automatic recall. The survey vessel is preparing for lift-off now, and I cannot halt the process. Return at once! Initiate immediate telekinetic transfer!

**SANCREDA** Very well, Scryfan.

*With a loud snarl, a wolf launches at SANCREDA. He cries in agony as he is savaged. He fires an alien weapon, and the wolf whimpers and dies.*

**SCRYFAN** Sancreda? Sancreda, respond! What is happening?

**SANCREDA** I am... attacked...

*The other wolves are circling him, growling.*

**SCRYFAN** Are you wounded?

**SANCREDA** A superficial lesion, nothing more. There is some loss of blood.

**SCRYFAN** Then it can be attended to when we have rejoined the fleet. Sancreda, you must return to the vessel at once! Countdown is commencing!

**SANCREDA** I... I cannot... I cannot achieve telekinetic transfer!

**SCRYFAN** What? How can that be? Check your focusing amplifier.

**SANCREDA** Scryfan! It is lost. The creatures have torn it from me!

**SCRYFAN** Then you must run. Run for the ship! We are preparing for lift-off!

**SANCREDA** Very well. It will take more than a few primitive carnivores to stop me!

*Dramatic music strikes up as SANCREDA begins running through the storm. Snarling wolves are leaping at him; he fires on them. Through the melee, a calm computer voice begins counting down. Music, wolves, gunfire, computer voice and dialogue pile on top of one another in the following sequence.*

**COMPUTER** Automatic recall sequence initiated. Countdown to ignition in T minus fifteen seconds and counting. Fourteen, thirteen, twelve...  
**SANCREDA** Postpone the countdown! I am nearly there!  
**COMPUTER** ...eleven, ten, nine, eight...  
**SCRYFAN** Sancreda! Where are you? I cannot override the recall procedure!  
**COMPUTER** ...seven, six, five, four...  
*We hear SANCREDA's hoarse, panting breath, together with more wolves and gunfire.*  
**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Do not leave! Do not abandon me!  
**COMPUTER** ...three, two, one...  
*Engines firing for lift-off.*  
**COMPUTER** ...ignition.  
**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Scryfan, you have deserted me!  
*Spaceship taking off. We hear SCRYFAN's laboured voice faintly but clearly through the snowstorm from SANCREDA's P.O.V. - this will be important later.*  
**SCRYFAN** Farewell, my brother.  
**SANCREDA** No, do not leave me! No! Nooooooooooo!<sup>1</sup>  
*The music and his scream cross-fade into the tranquillity of the next scene.*

## SCENE 2: Ext. LANYON MOOR

*Misty moorland in autumn. A light wind, a pheasant call or two. We hear birds taking flight in alarm as the TARDIS materialises. The door opens. A nice outdoor acoustic on all moorland scenes.*

**EVELYN** Oh, marvellous.  
**DOCTOR** (*Muffled, from inside the TARDIS*) What's it like?  
**EVELYN** You could have picked a better spot. We're up to our necks in wet bracken!  
**DOCTOR** (*Emerging*) I expect you'll be needing a mackintosh, then.  
**EVELYN** Thanks. Another highly desirable holiday destination, I see.  
**DOCTOR** Evelyn, I didn't choose to materialise here.  
**EVELYN** (*Aside, quietly*) Now, why doesn't that surprise me?  
**DOCTOR** Some external force, interfering with the orientation circuits. We've been drawn off course.  
**EVELYN** I've heard that one before.  
**DOCTOR** (*Ignoring her*) Still, I rather like the look of it here.  
**EVELYN** Oh, yes, terrific. It's cold, it's wet, it's foggy, and it definitely isn't the Galapagos Islands.<sup>2</sup> We're probably in the middle of post-apocalypse Bromsgrove in the ninety-fifth century. If this is Earth at all.  
**DOCTOR** Of course it's Earth. Nowhere else in the cosmos has the same October mornings. And listen!  
*He breaks off as we hear a clattering bird call.*  
**DOCTOR** There you are - pheasant.<sup>3</sup>  
**EVELYN** Oh, come on then. Let's get out of the bracken at any rate.  
**DOCTOR** That's the spirit. We'll try this way.  
**EVELYN** Why not? It looks by far the muddiest.  
*We hear them fighting through wet bracken. Then silence.*  
**DOCTOR** There we are. What did I say?

**EVELYN** What did you say?  
**DOCTOR** Down there in the valley. I can see a church tower. Looks like a village.

**EVELYN** All right, Doctor, you win.  
**DOCTOR** I expect this is a bridle-path. It can't be more than a couple of miles. Come on, we'll be there in time for breakfast.  
*Splash as EVELYN steps in a muddy puddle.*

**EVELYN** Urgh!  
**DOCTOR** And watch out for that puddle.  
**EVELYN** Honestly, couldn't we just for once arrive somewhere in the middle of summer?

**DOCTOR** Sshh!  
**EVELYN** What?  
**DOCTOR** (*Sotto voce*) There's something on the path ahead of us.  
*We hear distant snarling and growling.*

**DOCTOR** When I give the word, back up the hill to the TARDIS. All right?  
**EVELYN** Right.  
*The snarls are getting nearer. Suddenly, from the same direction, we hear a plummy, upper-crust, elderly lady.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Buster! Buster! Ben!  
*We hear a pair of panting, scampering cairn terriers, who have run ahead of their mistress and are yapping at the DOCTOR and EVELYN. MRS MOYNIHAN arrives. She is a short, stumpy woman in her sixties, wearing wellingtons and a quilted anorak. Her hearty schoolgirl manner and unconvincingly dyed hair ill-conceal a careworn and rather bitter personality.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Heel, sir! Buster! Quiet, boy!  
*The barking abates, but the dogs remain noticeable.*

**DOCTOR** Good morning.  
**MRS MOYNIHAN** Good morning to you! I say, early birds, eh? Going to see the fogou?

**EVELYN** The wha - ?  
**DOCTOR** Yes, that's right. I hear it's a particularly fascinating example.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** They do say so. Well, fork left just down there and then it's up the hill in front of you. Buster!

**DOCTOR** And this path goes straight on down to, er...?  
**MRS MOYNIHAN** Pengriffen? Yes, straight down the path and it comes out behind the school. Golly gosh, don't tell me you've yomped all the way over the hill from Tremayne?

**EVELYN** Yes, that's right. Nothing like a jolly old yomp before breakfast.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** My thoughts entirely. Well, good day! Buster, don't do that. Ben! Goodbye!  
*The sound of the dogs recedes into the distance. The DOCTOR's and EVELYN's squishy footsteps resume and continue during the following dialogue.*

**EVELYN** All right, Doctor, I admit it's Earth. No other planet could produce more than one Joyce Grenfell.  
**DOCTOR** I can do better than that. We're in England. Cornwall to be precise. Probably west of the river Fal.  
**EVELYN** How on earth could you know that?

**DOCTOR** Pengriffen? Tremayne?  
**EVELYN** Oh, I get it. 'By Tre, Pol and Pen, ye shall know Cornishmen'.  
**DOCTOR** That's right. Ancient Cornish prefixes.  
**EVELYN** Not exactly cast-iron evidence.  
**DOCTOR** True. But then there's the fogou.  
**EVELYN** Yes, I was going to ask you about that. Some sort of ancient monument, is it?  
**DOCTOR** And an unusual one at that. A fogou is an underground passage built by Iron Age man. They're unique to the far west of Cornwall.  
**EVELYN** Not my period at all. Doctor?  
**DOCTOR** Mmm?  
**EVELYN** How is it, when you've been to so many planets in so many different galaxies, you always seem to know more about this one than I do?  
**DOCTOR** I suppose I just read a lot of history books.  
**EVELYN** You rotter!  
*Their footsteps stop.*  
**DOCTOR** Ah, here we are. Fork in the track. Fogou up there...  
**EVELYN** And breakfast down there.  
**DOCTOR** Let's have a quick look, shall we? I haven't seen a decent Cornish fogou for centuries.  
**EVELYN** Oh, same here. (*Reluctantly*) All right, come on then. Just a quick look, and then it's straight down the hill for scrambled eggs on toast.  
**DOCTOR** I promise.  
**EVELYN** Is that it?  
**DOCTOR** Is what it?  
**EVELYN** Up there. There's a sort of mound on the ridge of the hill.  
**DOCTOR** Oh yes. No, that's not it. That's a Neolithic tumulus.  
**EVELYN** Of course it is. So where's the - what's it called again?  
**DOCTOR** Fogou.  
**EVELYN** Fogou. Where's the fogou?  
**DOCTOR** They're not always that easy to spot. They tend to be - ah! Got it!  
**EVELYN** Where?  
**DOCTOR** (*Voice receding; footsteps*) Over here. Come on!  
**EVELYN** Oh, splendid. More bracken.

### **SCENE 3: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*A large room in a pleasant old country house. Computer keys being typed at speed. A crackling sound, rather like a Geiger counter. LUDGATE, a young archeology postgraduate in his mid twenties, is alone with the tracking equipment.*

**LUDGATE** (*Murmuring to himself*) There it is again...  
*Door opens. PROFESSOR MORGAN is in his mid forties, genial, self-confident and extremely Welsh.*  
**MORGAN** Ah, Mr Ludgate. Still enjoying the new toy?  
**LUDGATE** It's responding again, Professor. Definitely some sort of electrical activity up on the Moor.  
**MORGAN** The only electrical activity around here takes place in



your overheated brain, Mr Ludgate. One day you'll resign yourself to the plain fact that ninety-nine percent of archaeological work is carried out not with a computing machine, but with a trowel. Now, I want some coffee. Where's Mrs Moynihan?

**LUDGATE** She's out walking the dogs.

**MORGAN** Hell's bells, it's rank mutiny. Everyone's deserting their posts. I don't suppose the Brigadier has put in an appearance this morning?

**LUDGATE** Not yet. Um, Professor...

**MORGAN** Yes, what d'you want? You always want something when you start with 'Um, Professor'.

**LUDGATE** It's these readings. If you don't mind, I think I'll just nip out with some of the portable gear and see if I can make any sense of things up at the dig.

**MORGAN** The day we make any sense of things on this survey is the day I get my knighthood. Yes, fine, off you go. I'll stay here and take any messages while you're all out.

**LUDGATE** Thanks, Professor. I'll only be twenty minutes.

#### **SCENE 4: Ext. OUTSIDE THE FOGOU**

*The DOCTOR and EVELYN have reached the entrance of the fogou, and are looking inside.*

**DOCTOR** Well, what do you think?

**EVELYN** It's rather impressive. Shine your torch up there again.

**DOCTOR** Look at the craftsmanship. See how the walls are corbelled upwards to meet the roof slabs.

**EVELYN** So this would be Celtic, would it?

**DOCTOR** That's right. Round about the first century BC.

**EVELYN** Amazing, really, isn't it? People think of the Celts as being not much more than cavemen.

**DOCTOR** Nothing primitive about Celtic society. They were a highly sophisticated civilisation.

**EVELYN** Tin-miners, weren't they?

**DOCTOR** Well, tin-streamers to be pedantic. Here in Cornwall they controlled an international industry with customers stretching right down to the Mediterranean. Not that it was Cornwall at the time, of course. The Greeks called it Belerion.

**EVELYN** So that tumulus up on the hill, that's presumably a lot older.

**DOCTOR** Oh yes. That's a chambered tomb from the New Stone Age. Probably already disused two and a half thousand years before the fogou was built. If you think about it, there's as great a gap between them as there is between this fogou and the Sydney Opera House.

**EVELYN** What's it for?

**DOCTOR** Nobody's quite certain. The original idea was to stage operas there, but nowadays it's just used for photo-opportunities by the New South Wales Tourist Board.

**EVELYN** Not Sydney Opera House, you clot - this!

**DOCTOR** Ah. Well, likewise, nobody really knows. There's a theory that they were used for storing grain.

**EVELYN** Seems an awful lot of trouble to go to just for that.

**DOCTOR** True, but some archaeologists think the fogous were also used as defensive stockades. Others believe they had some sort of religious significance. The truth is we'll probably never know. Maybe I'll go back sometime and find out. Fancy a look inside?  
**EVELYN** Why not?

**SCENE 5: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*The external door opens, muffled because it's in the adjoining hallway.*

**MORGAN** (To himself) At last. (Out loud) Mrs Moynihan, what kept you?

*Inner door opens.*

**MORGAN** Oh, I beg your pardon. Morning, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Good day, Professor Morgan.

**MORGAN** I was hoping you might put in an appearance this morning. The thing is, we're even more short-staffed than usual today, and I've got quite a backlog to get through.

**BRIGADIER** Don't you worry on my account, Professor, I won't be getting in your way.

**MORGAN** Well, no, as a matter of fact I was wondering whether you might be able to lend me a hand with some classification work until Mr Ludgate gets back.<sup>8</sup>

**BRIGADIER** If that's what you'd like I'd be only too delighted, Professor. Although I should warn you I'm no kind of expert.

**MORGAN** That's quite all right. I just want you to sort things into cardboard boxes according to my instructions.

**BRIGADIER** In that case, Professor Morgan, I'm your man.

**MORGAN** Thank you very much, Brigadier. What with our resident whizz-kid intent on dragging us into the computer age, and that idiot Leamington-Smith swanning off to Princeton to read his paper at the megalithic symposium, it's a great relief to find someone who's actually prepared to do what I say.

**BRIGADIER** Well, Professor, where do we start?

**MORGAN** Pottery fragments from site 33. Six trays marked A to F. You with me so far?

**BRIGADIER** I'll tell you when you're going too quickly for me.

**MORGAN** Good man.

**BRIGADIER** Incidentally, where's Mrs Moynihan? No, don't tell me - walking the dogs.

**MORGAN** How did you guess?

**BRIGADIER** No chance of a cup of coffee then.

**SCENE 6: Int. INSIDE THE FOGO**

*The DOCTOR and EVELYN are now inside the chamber. We need a close acoustic on their voices as though in a claustrophobic, rather damp stone cellar. Fogous are not big and echoing; they are stuffy and dank.*

**EVELYN** How far back does this thing go?

**DOCTOR** (Voice disappearing into the passage ahead) Some of them extend a good fifty or sixty feet.

**EVELYN** Hang on, come back with the torch. I can't see where I'm treading.

**DOCTOR** It's all right, the floor's level.  
*A hard bump and a muffled cry from THE DOCTOR.*

**DOCTOR** The ceiling gets a bit lower along here, though.

**EVELYN** Hey, come back here a moment. I think I've found a fossil or something.  
*We hear a small stone being picked up.*

**DOCTOR** What sort of fossil?

**EVELYN** Well, I don't know until you point the torch at it. *(He does)*  
 Oh, it's just a funny-shaped pebble.

**DOCTOR** Let me see that. Mm.

**EVELYN** D'you think it's man-made?

**DOCTOR** Not sure. Pebbles don't usually have holes in them, do they? I'd hang on to that if I were you.

**EVELYN** All right.  
*We hear EVELYN stowing it in her handbag.*

**EVELYN** So, what's at the end of the tunnel?

**DOCTOR** If I knew the answer to that sort of question, I think on the whole I'd get into a lot less trouble. But as far as fogous are concerned, the tunnel is usually all there is. There's often a secondary passage leading off at right angles – ah! There we are.

**EVELYN** Hey, what was that? Shine it there again. See? There's a figure carved in the lintel.

**DOCTOR** Fascinating. Some sort of protective deity, perhaps.

**EVELYN** Either that or an Iron Age 'mind your head' sign.

**DOCTOR** One or the other.

**EVELYN** He's got a tail!

**DOCTOR** So he has.

**LUDGATE** *(Distant, from outside the fogou)* Hey, you! What are you doing in there?

**DOCTOR** *(Aside)* Hello – sounds like we're not welcome. *(Aloud)*  
 Just having a look around!

**LUDGATE** Well, come out of there! It's not safe!

**DOCTOR** Not safe? Nonsense, it's been here for centuries.

**EVELYN** Come on, Doctor. Let's do as he says.  
*We hear them scrambling on rock as they climb out of the fogou. Change acoustic to outdoors and open moorland as we move into...*

#### **SCENE 7: Ext. OUTSIDE THE FOGO**

*The moor. LUDGATE's Geiger counter-type sound effects are crackling gently in the background. Scrambling on rocks as the DOCTOR and EVELYN emerge from the fogou.*

**LUDGATE** Here, take my hand.

**EVELYN** That's very kind of you, er – ?

**LUDGATE** Philip. Philip Ludgate.

**EVELYN** That's very kind of you, Philip.

**LUDGATE** Well, that settles it. I told the professor we should have put up some sort of warning sign.

**DOCTOR** I don't know what you think is so dangerous, young man – hello! You're getting some very high readings, Mr Ludgate!

**LUDGATE** My point exactly.

**DOCTOR** Seven point four. That's most unusual for a granite upland.

**LUDGATE** You're familiar with geo-electrical isography?  
**DOCTOR** Oh, I get by.  
**LUDGATE** Look, why don't you both come down to the Institute? Have you had breakfast yet?  
**EVELYN** No, we haven't. What Institute would that be?  
**LUDGATE** It's where I work. Lanyon Moor Archaeological Institute. Nowhere near as grand as it sounds, I'm afraid.  
**DOCTOR** You're an archaeologist?  
**LUDGATE** Certainly am. Or at least I will be, once I've finished my Ph.D. I'm modern archaeology's antidote to the old trowel-scrappers.  
**DOCTOR** Indeed? Well, Mr Ludgate, I should very much like to see your Institute, and if possible meet the old trowel-scrappers for myself.  
**EVELYN** Did you say Lanyon Moor?  
**LUDGATE** That's right. New to the area?  
**EVELYN** You could say that.  
**LUDGATE** Well, all of this is Lanyon Moor, right across to Tremayne five miles that-a-way. It was occupied by early man right from the time of the first Neolithic settlers.  
**DOCTOR** I see.  
**LUDGATE** Anyway, the Institute's this way. We're barracked up in an old gamekeeper's lodge, about half a mile down the hill.  
**DOCTOR** Lead the way, Mr Ludgate. Come on, Evelyn, keep up.  
**EVELYN** (*To herself*) Lanyon Moor... where have I heard that before?

#### **SCENE 8: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*MORGAN and the BRIGADIER are as we left them. We hear shards of pottery being sorted in cardboard boxes.*

**MORGAN** And finally... Romano-British – at a stab, circa AD 100. So, tray D for that one, thank you, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Glad to be of service, Professor.

**MORGAN** Right, now I've got some fascinating lumps of rusty metal for you to look at.

*Door opens. MRS MOYNIHAN arrives, 'jolly-hockey-sticks' as always, accompanied by her yapping terriers.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Morning, gentlemen!

**MORGAN** Mrs Moynihan, thank heavens. You see before you two dying men. A large pot of strong coffee at your earliest convenience, if you please.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Golly-Moses! If you men can't even put the kettle on by yourselves, how are you going to cope while I'm away?

**MORGAN** Oh, don't worry, I'm sure Mr Ludgate is as proficient with a cafetière as he is with a computer. Mrs Moynihan, I'm sure we all adore the delightful mutts, but you really must keep them out of here. I've got valuable specimen trays all over the place. Will you get off my leg, you little...

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Buster! Buster, down! Bad boy! (*The dog obeys*) There we are, you see. What a lot of fuss about nothing. One pot of coffee coming up. Come on, Buster! Through here! Away from the nasty man! Yes!

*Door closes.*

**MORGAN** I'll strangle those little blighters one day, I swear it.

*Door opens.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I heard that. Somebody here to see you, Professor Morgan.

**SIR ARCHIBALD FLINT** *is elderly and genial, but has a hard side.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Professor!

**MORGAN** Sir Archibald, good morning! You know the Brigadier, don't you?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Yes, we've met. Good morning, Brigadier.<sup>10</sup>

**BRIGADIER** Good morning, sir.<sup>11</sup>

**MORGAN** Have a seat, if you can find one among the wreckage.<sup>12</sup> To what do we owe this honour?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Oh, I thought I'd just drop by and see how things are going. Any news on the spectre of Lanyon Moor?

**BRIGADIER** The what?

**MORGAN** He means these electrical discharges the boy keeps picking up on his ground survey, Brigadier. I'm afraid you've come at the wrong time, Sir Archibald.<sup>13</sup> At this very moment Mr Ludgate is out there on the moor, gathering evidence for his increasingly deranged theories. He's been gone nearly half an hour, so I expect by now he'll have spotted a swarm of UFOs, discovered the Loch Ness Monster, and solved the mystery of the pyramids.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Do I detect a hint of scepticism?

**MORGAN** Well, really. For someone who calls himself a scientist, that young man is one of the most credulous characters I've ever come across.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I'm not so sure, Professor. I think we can all learn a great deal from the new methods. Who knows, this electrical business might have something to do with – I don't know, precious metals buried under the ground, or magnetism, or something. Not a boffin myself, as you know, but I'm prepared to give the boy a fair hearing.

*We hear distant gravel being crunched outside.*

**BRIGADIER** You can give him a hearing now if you like, sir. He's coming up the back path.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Who the devil's that with him? Tall fellow in the most extraordinary coat, and he's got a rather handsome lady with him as well.

**MORGAN** More waifs and strays, no doubt.

*We hear the exterior door opening and a general chatter as LUDGATE ushers the DOCTOR and EVELYN into the adjacent hallway.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I hope you don't include me in that category, Professor.

**MORGAN** Of course not, Sir Archibald. You know you're always welcome here.

*Inner door opens.*

**DOCTOR** Hello, everyone! I can smell coffee.<sup>14</sup>

**LUDGATE** Um, allow me to introduce the, er...

**DOCTOR** Brigadier!

**LUDGATE** Oh, have you two met before?

**DOCTOR** We most certainly have. Lethbridge-Stewart, you old rogue, how are you?

**BRIGADIER** I'm extremely well, thank you.

**DOCTOR** You... know who I am?

**BRIGADIER** To judge by the clothes, the unexpected arrival, and the

manner of your greeting, I can only conclude that I know exactly who you are. I take it there's a police box somewhere in the vicinity.

**DOCTOR** You're getting better at this, aren't you, Brigadier?

**BRIGADIER** Well, I've had some experience, haven't I? It's good to see you, Doctor.

**DOCTOR** And what are you doing here?

**BRIGADIER** All in good time. Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?

**DOCTOR** I'm so sorry. Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, allow me to –  
**EVELYN** Evelyn Smythe. Delighted to meet you.

**BRIGADIER** The pleasure's mine, Miss Smythe. Or is it Mrs Smythe?  
**EVELYN** It's Dr Smythe, actually, but you don't have to call me that.

**MORGAN** Both of you doctors, eh?

**LUDGATE** Er, Doctor, this is Professor Morgan, head of the Institute.  
**DOCTOR** Delighted to meet you, Professor.

**MORGAN** Likewise, I'm sure. A Doctor of what, if I may make so bold?

**DOCTOR** Oh, this and that. Mostly that, you know. Just at the moment I'm very interested in fogous. We were exploring yours when we met your colleague here.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Since we're making introductions, I'm Flint.

**LUDGATE** I'm so sorry, Sir Archibald, I didn't see you there.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** That's quite all right, young man.

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, Evelyn – this is Sir Archibald Flint, thirteenth Baronet of Pengriffen.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Charmed, Dr Smythe. Er, I didn't catch your name, Doctor...?

**EVELYN** Are you an archaeologist too, Sir Archibald?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Good Lord, no. No, to resort to a current vulgarity, I am the money.

**MORGAN** Sir Archibald owns Pengriffen Manor and most of the moorland around here. Not only has he very kindly let us use this lodge as our premises, but he's also funded most of our work for the past six months.

**LUDGATE** We only get a tiny grant, you see. We're very lucky to have a benefactor like Sir Archibald right on our doorstep.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Always delighted to assist a committed cause, gentlemen, you know that. I'm only sorry you haven't found anything terribly interesting on your dig. Well, just a passing visit, I must press on. I'll see myself out. Good day to you all!

**MORGAN** Good day, Sir Archibald. Always good to see you.  
*Door.*

**EVELYN** He seems very nice.

**LUDGATE** Bit of a funny old buffer, is Archie, but we wouldn't be here without him.

**EVELYN** And was it right, what he said?

**LUDGATE** About what?

**EVELYN** That you haven't found anything terribly interesting.

**MORGAN** I'm afraid so, Dr Smythe. Plenty of standard fare, all good stuff for the county museum, but nothing that's likely to set the academic world ablaze.

**DOCTOR** On the contrary, Professor, I think this may yet prove to be one of the most fascinating surveys ever undertaken.

**MORGAN** Indeed? What makes you say that?

**DOCTOR** For one thing, the contents of this box.  
*We hear him pick up a cardboard box full of scraps of metal.*

**MORGAN** Careful, those haven't been classified yet. Don't get them mixed up with the others!

**DOCTOR** Where was this found?

**MORGAN** In a cremation cist a couple of hundred yards from the tumulus on top of the hill. Why?

**DOCTOR** Extraordinary.

**LUDGATE** Not particularly. It's just a bronze axe-head. Pretty straightforward Beaker Period stuff.

**DOCTOR** Well, I lack your expertise, of course, and with this amount of corrosion it's difficult to be certain, but...

**EVELYN** What is it, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** What else have you found at the cremation site?

**LUDGATE** Nothing out of the ordinary. Hairpins, jewellery, remnants of leather and wool. A few charred bones, of course.

**DOCTOR** Can I see them?

**LUDGATE** What, the bones?

**DOCTOR** Everything.

**MORGAN** May I ask why, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Just idle curiosity.

**MORGAN** Then I'm afraid the answer is no, you may not. It's been most pleasant to meet you, Doctor, but I'm sure you will appreciate I have a survey to run here, and we're already badly behind schedule. Now if you go across the hall into the kitchen, Mrs Moynihan will make you a nice cup of coffee before you go. Good day to you.

**DOCTOR** Now, you listen to me, Professor. The equipment your young colleague here is using to survey the historical disturbance of the terrain has been picking up far more than the usual background radiation. Somewhere on that moor, something is emitting phased electrical pulses. This is not the remains of a bronze axe-head, it's a fragment of molectic-bonded dissilium corroded by the extreme cold of deep space. And if I'm right, what's happening up on that hill could be the beginning of something far more dangerous than you can possibly comprehend. Now if you don't mind, I'd very much like to see what else you've dug up.

**MORGAN** With the greatest respect, Doctor, I'm sorry to have to tell you that you're talking utter rubbish. I know the nonsense Mr Ludgate's been filling your head with, and he's obviously found a kindred spirit, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to indulge so much as another minute of this ridiculous poppycock. Mr Ludgate, will you kindly see your friends out.

**BRIGADIER** Just one moment, Professor. As it happens, the Doctor is a respected government employee of many years' standing, and I propose to enlist his help in my current work.

**MORGAN** Oh, marvellous. May I remind you, Brigadier, that you are here on an entirely unofficial basis?

**BRIGADIER** And may I remind you, Professor Morgan, what it would mean to your survey if I were to make my presence here official?

*A beat.*

**MORGAN** Oh, very well, Brigadier. Have it your own way. But if you people get under my nose I shall be quite prepared to make an official complaint.

*Door.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** (*Cheerily*) Sorry about the delay. I've been trying to keep count of all the comings and goings. Coffee for five, is it?

**MORGAN** Ah, the voice of sanity. Thank you, Mrs Moynihan. I'm going to have mine on the terrace while this sun's still shining. Bring it out to me there, will you?<sup>15</sup>

*His voice is receding.*

**MORGAN** Oh, and Mr Ludgate, you'd better show them whatever damn things they want to see.

**LUDGATE** Will do.

*Door slams. We hear coffee being served in the background during the following dialogue.*

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, Evelyn, this is Mrs Moynihan.

**DOCTOR** Yes, we met on the moor this morning.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Indeed we did! I was taking Buster and Ben out for one last run.

**LUDGATE** She's off to sunnier climes today, aren't you, Mrs M?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** That's right. I'm all packed and the taxi's coming at eleven-thirty. I should be at Heathrow by six. I've just said goodbye to the doggies.

**EVELYN** Are they going into kennels?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh no, I could never do that. No, a neighbour's coming into my cottage to look after them. Oh, what a pretty little stone.

**EVELYN** Do you like it? I picked it up in the fogou this morning.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Unusual shape. Well, I can't diddle about here. I'd better get a move on.

**LUDGATE** We expect a postcard by Tuesday at the latest.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I'll do my best, Philip.

**EVELYN** Where are you going?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Greece, dear. A week in Athens to begin with, and then I'm touring the islands. I'm not half so clever as these boys, of course, but I'm so looking forward to seeing the Parthenon and what-have-you.

**DOCTOR** I've always meant to pop back and see it now that it's finished.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Strange sense of humour. Well, I'd better take the Professor's coffee outside. The taxi will be here any minute, so if I don't see you again before I go - goodbye!<sup>16</sup>

*Open and close door.*

**EVELYN** She's a curious one, isn't she?

**LUDGATE** To be honest she's a bit of a sad case. Apparently her husband ran off with his secretary years and years ago. And then I think her daughter married someone she didn't approve of, or something, and they lost touch too. I always get the impression she's rather bitter underneath all that enforced jollity.

**DOCTOR** Mr Ludgate, I wonder if I might see the other samples from that burial chamber.

**LUDGATE** Oh yes, of course. I'll go and have a rummage. Back in a tick.

*Open and close door.*



**DOCTOR** So tell me, Brigadier, what on Earth are you doing here?  
**BRIGADIER** Officially, I'm on holiday. Doris has relatives in the South-West.

**DOCTOR** Doris?  
**BRIGADIER** Of course, you haven't met my wife, have you?  
**DOCTOR** Your *wife*?  
**BRIGADIER** Well, don't sound so surprised, Doctor. We don't all run off with our secretaries, you know.

**DOCTOR** Good gracious.  
**EVELYN** What about unofficially?  
**BRIGADIER** I beg your pardon, Dr Smythe?  
**EVELYN** You said you were on holiday 'officially'.  
**BRIGADIER** Ah yes. Well, Doris is with the in-laws up in Devon, while unofficially, and I hope you understand this is classified information, I'm down here doing a spot of surveillance.

**DOCTOR** I thought you'd retired.  
**BRIGADIER** You know what they say about old soldiers, Doctor. Every now and then I'm asked to do a bit of undercover work, and every now and then I say yes.

**DOCTOR** So what's UNIT's interest in this survey?  
**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor - Doctors. Back in 1940 Lanyon Moor was occupied by the Royal Navy, for use as a radar observation post. They put up huts on the hill, but they had to abandon the site within a couple of months.

**EVELYN** Why, what happened?  
**BRIGADIER** Well, for one thing the radar equipment was completely useless - everything was permanently scrambled. Chaps from the War Office came down - experts and so forth - but they couldn't get to the bottom of it.

**DOCTOR** What else?  
**BRIGADIER** There was some sort of wave of mental illness among the men. It seems people were just losing their marbles, wandering off onto the moors. One poor fellow even went over a cliff and ended up in pieces at the bottom. Well, not surprisingly, the Admiralty didn't want to make too much noise about it, so they quietly shut the place down and moved the station twenty miles up the coast.

**EVELYN** And now things are happening here again?  
**BRIGADIER** Well, nothing quite so serious, touch wood, Dr Smythe. But a couple of weeks ago one of Professor Morgan's assistants had some sort of breakdown at the fogou, and ended up in hospital.

**DOCTOR** So that's why Mr Ludgate was so keen to bundle us out of there. And now UNIT have got you hanging around and keeping an eye on things, eh?  
**BRIGADIER** Exactly, Doctor. Unofficially. Professor Morgan knows all about it. He and young Ludgate have signed the Official Secrets Act. Everyone else thinks I'm just a friend of Morgan's. A retired warhorse on holiday.

**DOCTOR** And you're living here?  
**BRIGADIER** Not at the Institute, no. I'm at the Pengriffen Arms, a very good pub just down the road.  
*Door opens. We hear a crate full of specimen trays being brought in and put down.*

**LUDGATE** Right. These trays are all from the same cremation cist. These two are fabric, this lot's all pottery, this one's bone fragments, and you've seen the metal already.

**DOCTOR** Thank you, Mr Ludgate. Evelyn, while I'm looking through this lot there's something I'd like you to do.

**EVELYN** Have breakfast?

**DOCTOR** If you insist. Then I wonder if you could help me with some good old-fashioned research.

**EVELYN** Like what?

**DOCTOR** Find out anything you can about the history of this place. Pengriffen, Tremayne, Lanyon Moor in particular. Local history, folklore, anything at all connected with the area, as far back as you can go.

**EVELYN** Right. Is there a local library, Philip?

**LUDGATE** Nearest one's in Penzance, but you'd be better off paying a visit to the Manor house. Sir Archibald's got a fantastic library, and I'm sure he'll be more than happy to let you have a browse.

**BRIGADIER** Yes, indeed. One of his ancestors was a genuine eighteenth-century antiquarian. There are whole rooms piled with books in that house.

**EVELYN** Sounds ideal. Well then, I'll go straight over. How do I find it?

**LUDGATE** It's a mile or so across the moor. Actually, if you're quick you could catch a lift in Mrs Moynihan's taxi. (*Calls*) Mrs Moynihan!<sup>17</sup>

**EVELYN** I'll report back before evening, Doctor.

**DOCTOR** Good girl, Evelyn. We'll meet here at seven.

**LUDGATE** Well, Doctor, if I don't get back to work, Professor Morgan will probably have a seizure. Is there anything else I can get you?

**DOCTOR** Thank you, Mr Ludgate, the Brigadier and I have quite enough to be going on with here.

### **SCENE 9: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*Echoing footsteps in a large stone-flagged country manor. A slightly echoing acoustic on the voices too.*

**EVELYN** This is very kind of you, Sir Archibald.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Not at all, Dr Smythe. It is a pleasure to have such a charming visitor. I'm afraid my butler is away visiting his mother this weekend, so I shall have to do my poor best to look after you myself. The library is this way.

*Footsteps through the hall during this dialogue.*

**EVELYN** It's a very impressive house. Elizabethan, isn't it?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Spot on, my dear - 1571. The architect was Sir John Arundell. His gabled façade is the earliest of its kind in the country.

**EVELYN** It's a beautiful hallway.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** And here's our famous window, you see. Five hundred and seventy-six individual panes, most of them original.

**EVELYN** That's quite something.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** The window-cleaner detests it, of course.

**EVELYN** Has the house always been in your family, Sir Archibald?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Only since the seventeenth century. It was a gift from Charles II in recognition of our support during the Civil War. Now, here we are.

*A heavy door is opened.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Some of these bookcases may be a little dusty, I fear.

**EVELYN** Oh, I can cope with a bit of dust.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** That's the spirit. Well, if you'll excuse me, Dr Smythe, I usually have my little rest at around this hour. Time's winged chariot and all that, you know. Do make yourself at home in the kitchens, and feel free to use the telephone of course. I shall return, much refreshed, in a couple of hours, when perhaps you'll do me the honour of joining me for afternoon tea.

**EVELYN** Thank you very much, Sir Archibald.

*SIR ARCHIBALD is departing.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** The pleasure is mine. Nice to have a young face around the place again. Good hunting!

**EVELYN** I hope so.

*A door closes heavily.*

**EVELYN** Young face! It's a while since anyone described me as that. Oh, hang about, I should have asked him where the history books are.

*We hear her reopen the door with a creak.*

**EVELYN** Sir Archibald, I wonder if you could tell - (*a beat*) Well, how extraordinary, where's he shot off to so quickly? Oh well, I'll find it.<sup>18</sup> Now, where are we? History, history, history - ah, History! European history, military history, history of exploration - local history. Here we go.

*She opens a glass cabinet and begins pulling books out.*

**EVELYN** (*Coughing*) He wasn't joking about the dust, was he?

## **SCENE 10: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor, any joy?

**DOCTOR** I'm not sure about joy, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Why, what have you found in the Professor's specimen trays? Irrefutable evidence of imps and goblins?

**DOCTOR** (*Intrigued*) What makes you say that?

**BRIGADIER** Oh, just the local hocus-pocus, you know. Cornish pixies and so forth. They lay it on rather thick for the tourists around here.

**DOCTOR** Do they?

**BRIGADIER** Oh yes. Apparently the local name for the fogou is 'the Pixies' Hall'. Supposed to be traditional, but it sounds to me like a bit of nonsense cooked up by the Victorians. They were great ones for all that stuff about the fairy folk, weren't they?

**DOCTOR** 'Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting, for fear of little men.'<sup>19</sup>

**BRIGADIER** Exactly. That's the sort of thing. A good old bit of bunkum.

**DOCTOR** Yes, possibly. Come on, Brigadier, get your coat.

**BRIGADIER** Why, where are we going?

**DOCTOR** Up to the fogou. There's something I want to take a look at.

## **SCENE 11: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*EVELYN is on the telephone.*

**EVELYN** And there it was – Lanyon Moor. I knew I'd heard of it somewhere along the line. Thank you very much, Gareth. Nice to double-check. All right then. Next time I'm in town I'll call you up and we'll have dinner at Magdalen. All right then. Bye!

*Phone down – it's probably an old-fashioned dialler.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Have your researches been fruitful, Dr Smythe?

**EVELYN** Oh! Sir Archibald, I didn't hear you come in. You gave me quite a fright.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I'm so sorry, my dear. I do apologise. I had no idea I was still capable of sneaking about at my age. Can I tempt you to another pot of tea?

**EVELYN** No thank you. You've been most kind and you've kept me well fed all day, but I really think it's about time I made tracks.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Would that I could offer you a lift, my dear, but I'm afraid my butler is also my chauffeur.

**EVELYN** That's perfectly all right. I rather fancy a breath of fresh air anyway.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Yes, I see you found the dust. I only hope it has been worthwhile.

**EVELYN** I think so, yes. I've made quite a few notes, anyway.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Good. Well, Dr Smythe, you're welcome to stay as long as you wish, but if you are contemplating a return on foot, I should advise you to set off directly. Dusk is approaching and night falls very quickly on the moor.

**EVELYN** That's a point. I just keep to the track, do I?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** That's right. A couple of hundred yards beyond the gatehouse it joins the old Tinner's Way, and you follow that straight down to the village. There's quite a mist rising, so do make sure you stay on the path, won't you?

**EVELYN** I will. Well, thank you again, Sir Archibald. You've been most kind.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Come back whenever you like, Dr Smythe. It has been a great pleasure. Goodbye.

**EVELYN** Goodbye!

*A big oak door creaks shut. We are still inside the hall.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Ah, there you are. Yes, I thought I heard you lurking in the shadows. Well, I think we may have a problem. This Smythe woman, and her friend the Doctor. They both seem far too inquisitive for their own good. Come with me; we must prepare for tonight's experiment.

*Brisk footsteps, belying SIR ARCHIBALD's supposed infirmity.*

## SCENE 12: Int. INSIDE THE FOGOU

**BRIGADIER** What exactly is it you're looking for, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** I won't really know until I find it.

**BRIGADIER** Well, in the meantime, can't you tell me what's on your mind?

**DOCTOR** Oh, the human race, Brigadier. The human race.

**BRIGADIER** Would you care to be a little more forthcoming?

**DOCTOR** Folklore can tell us a great deal about the workings of the mind, the concerns and pressures incumbent on different civilisations.

**BRIGADIER** I suppose it can, yes.

**DOCTOR** Well, doesn't it strike you as even mildly interesting that this place is said to be haunted by imps and pixies?  
**BRIGADIER** But surely, Doctor, that's just the sort of thing that's attached to every ancient site in the British Isles. If it's not pixies it's giants, or witches, or the devil turning people to stone for dancing on the Sabbath. Jolly good bedtime stories, but no more than that.  
**DOCTOR** We both know from experience that that's not always the case, Brigadier.

### **SCENE 13: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*On this part of the moor we can hear the distant crashing of waves at the bottom of the cliffs. Muddy footsteps. We hear the clunking of a well-equipped rucksack approaching EVELYN.*

**EVELYN** Hello!  
**NIKKI** Hello there! You going westward?  
**EVELYN** I'm going this way, if that's westward. Pengriffen.  
**NIKKI** That's where I'm headed too. I'm Nikki. Nice to meet you.  
*Their footsteps continue throughout the scene.*  
**EVELYN** Evelyn. You've obviously come equipped.  
**NIKKI** Yes! I'm doing the whole of the South-West coastal path.  
**EVELYN** I say. How far is that?  
**NIKKI** Well, you start up near Minehead and it goes all the way round to Dorset. It's over 600 miles altogether.  
**EVELYN** You must be mad!  
**NIKKI** I love it. It's my year out before college, so I thought if I don't do it now, I won't get another chance for a few years.  
**EVELYN** And you're just doing it on your own?  
**NIKKI** Not completely, no. I'm meeting up with friends for the odd stretch, but I'm the only one mad enough to do the whole lot.  
**EVELYN** Are you camping?  
**NIKKI** No, staying at Youth Hostels and B & B's - it's the only way to get a decent bath. There's a Hostel in Pengriffen, so that's my target for tonight. What about you?  
**EVELYN** I'm staying at the Archaeological Institute.  
**NIKKI** Really?  
*Voices fade as they walk on.*

### **SCENE 14: Int. INSIDE THE FOGOU**

**DOCTOR** Just hold this for a moment, Brigadier.  
**BRIGADIER** What the dickens is it?  
**DOCTOR** Schlangian power-cell.  
**BRIGADIER** Ask a silly question.  
*The DOCTOR is turning out his pockets.*  
**DOCTOR** Ideally what I need is some copper wire... now where on Earth did that come from? Never mind. Ah, here we are! Power-cell, please.  
**BRIGADIER** May I ask what you're up to, Doctor?  
**DOCTOR** Somewhere in this fogou there's a point of electromagnetic conductivity. What mariners used to call a lodestone.  
**BRIGADIER** And you think that's what's been causing these electrical disturbances?

**DOCTOR** Not causing them. Focusing them, if you like. Now, if I can find it, we might be a step nearer to understanding the nature of these manifestations. Hold this piece of wire. That's it. No, higher up. Now, keep it steady while I wind it round this.<sup>20</sup>

**SCENE 14A: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (SECRET LABORATORY)**

*Background effects of SIR ARCHIBALD's laboratory – see Scene 25. We hear computer keys being typed at speed.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Power level stabilised. Preliminary tests complete. Switch on.

**SCENE 15: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*EVELYN's and NIKKI's footsteps, and the clunking of the rucksack, stop abruptly.*

**EVELYN** Did you hear something?

**NIKKI** Where?

**EVELYN** Just up ahead – listen!

*Distantly, but clearly, we hear through the silent mist the baleful, hideous giggle of an imp or goblin.*

**NIKKI** What was that?

**EVELYN** I don't know, but I don't like the sound of it very much.

**NIKKI** Oh, come on, let's get going. It's just this fog making us imagine things. Nothing's going to get between me and my Horlicks. *She shoulders her rucksack noisily.*

**EVELYN** No, wait – don't – *The chuckle again, nearer this time.*

**EVELYN** It's getting nearer.

**NIKKI** *(Nervously)* Oh, it's just a bird or something.

**EVELYN** Nikki, I think we should go back the way we came.

**NIKKI** I think you could be right.

**EVELYN** Just turn round slowly, and – uh!

*A loud chuckle from the hideous imp which now confronts them.*

**NIKKI** Run?

**EVELYN** Run!

*A flurry of movement as they start running. Muddy footsteps and frantic clanking of the rucksack. Then a piercing scream from NIKKI as the creature launches itself at her and brings her down with a thud. Another scream, which ends abruptly.*

**EVELYN** Nikki! Nikki!

**END OF PART ONE**

## PART TWO

### (RECAP)

**EVELYN** It's getting nearer.  
**NIKKI** (*Nervously*) Oh, it's just a bird or something.  
**EVELYN** Nikki, I think we should go back the way we came.  
**NIKKI** I think you could be right.  
**EVELYN** Just turn round slowly, and – uh!  
*A loud chuckle from the hideous imp which now confronts them.*  
**NIKKI** Run?  
**EVELYN** Run!  
*A flurry of movement as they start running. Muddy footsteps and frantic clanking of the rucksack. Then a piercing scream from NIKKI as the creature launches itself at her and brings her down with a thud. Another scream, which ends abruptly.*  
**EVELYN** Nikki! Nikki!

### SCENE 16: Ext. LANYON MOOR

*Direct continuation of the recap above. Revolting sounds as the imp feeds ravenously.*

**EVELYN** Oh... no...  
*A wet, evil snigger and snarl from the imp as it prepares to leap at EVELYN.*  
**EVELYN** Get away from me!  
*As the imp launches itself, roaring, at EVELYN, its voice suddenly cross-fades into silence as if the creature has vanished in mid-air. Distant wind and waves.*  
**EVELYN** (*In shock*) I... don't think I can... take much more of this.  
**LUDGATE** (*At a distance*) Evelyn! Evelyn, is that you?  
**EVELYN** Philip! Thank heavens. Over here!  
**LUDGATE** I saw lights on the hillside, so I came to see what was – (*He sees the body of NIKKI*) – great God, what's happened?  
**EVELYN** She – she's dead, I'm afraid.  
**LUDGATE** She looks as if she's been... half eaten...  
**EVELYN** (*Faintly*) Mr Ludgate, I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but do you think you might support me? I'm afraid I don't feel very...  
*EVELYN faints into his arms.*  
**LUDGATE** Come on, let's get you down to the Institute.

### SCENE 17: Int. INSIDE THE FOGOU

*The DOCTOR is testing stones, one by one.*

**DOCTOR** No... no... no...  
*We hear some sudden, rapid bleeping from the DOCTOR's gadget.*  
**DOCTOR** Got you!  
**BRIGADIER** I beg your pardon, Doctor?  
**DOCTOR** See the dysphasic pulse registering on the power cell?  
*This stone here is the point of conductivity I was looking for. It was just a matter of finding the right one by trial and error.*

**BRIGADIER** I'm afraid you've lost me, Doctor. How can a common or garden stone, in an Iron Age wall, turn out to be an electro-magnetic conductor, or whatever it is?

**DOCTOR** Take another look at it, Brigadier. That's no common or garden stone.

**BRIGADIER** Looks the same as all the others to me.

**DOCTOR** At first sight, perhaps, but that's just the weathering. Now, if we lift away the veil of the centuries...

**BRIGADIER** How are you going to manage that?

**DOCTOR** With a teaspoon. Here, hold the torch.

*We hear metal scraping on stone.*

**DOCTOR** There we are, you see. A bit of algae and soot and calcification, but underneath it's as fresh as a daisy.

**BRIGADIER** Bless my soul. It's metal!

**DOCTOR** Not strictly speaking. It's a mineral compound – a rock like any other. But it certainly doesn't belong in this parish.

**BRIGADIER** The colours... I've never seen anything like it.

**DOCTOR** That's hardly surprising. It was probably quarried on the planet Sperris.

**BRIGADIER** I'll take your word for it, Doctor. So what's it doing here?<sup>21</sup>

**DOCTOR** That's a very good question.

**LUDGATE** (*Arriving out of breath*) Doctor! Doctor, it's Evelyn. There's been an accident.

#### **SCENE 18: Int. BEDROOM AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*We need to know that it's now the following morning, so let's hear birdsong through the window and the bells of the village church in the distance. EVELYN is sitting up in bed drinking tea. The mood is sombre.*

**DOCTOR** Evelyn, I'm so sorry. I'd have done anything to prevent this from happening.

**EVELYN** I just can't help thinking about that poor girl. Her whole life ahead of her...

**BRIGADIER** Try not to dwell on that, Dr Smythe. You've had a nasty shock yourself, and you must concentrate on making a full recovery.

**EVELYN** Thank you, Brigadier. I'm made of quite stern stuff really. (*Pulling herself together*) Doctor, it was some sort of creature. An imp or a goblin, even.

**DOCTOR** Remarkable. A physical manifestation of psionic energy.

**EVELYN** Oh, it was real enough.

**DOCTOR** I don't doubt that. A fully-fledged manifestation would have the power to influence the material plane on any level it wanted.

**LUDGATE** Which it certainly did. You should have seen what was left of –

**BRIGADIER** Thank you, that will do, Mr Ludgate.

**LUDGATE** I'm sorry. Look, Evelyn, I'll go and get you another cup of tea.

**EVELYN** Hot chocolate, if you've got it.

**LUDGATE** Hot chocolate it shall be. (*We hear LUDGATE go downstairs*)

**EVELYN** What's being done about – making her decent?

**BRIGADIER** I've been on the line to UNIT. An undercover team is



supervising things even now. We need to keep this whole business under wraps for the time being, Dr Smythe, but don't worry. The deceased will be given every respect, and her relatives are being contacted straight away.

**EVELYN** Thank you, Brigadier.

**DOCTOR** Evelyn, do you feel up to telling me about this creature you saw?

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, I really think we should let -

**EVELYN** Brigadier, it's fine, really. I'm feeling much better now. And anyway, I shall feel a great deal worse if we sit around and let something like this happen again.

**DOCTOR** That's the spirit. Now, tell me exactly what you saw.

**EVELYN** It was getting dark, Doctor, and it was very foggy, so I'm afraid it wasn't exactly ideal conditions. But the first thing we heard was a sort of... chuckling sound. There was something horribly malevolent about it. Then there were the lights, little dots in the mist like fireflies. And then... then it was just there on the path in front of us. It was hideous, Doctor. Like something out of Grimm's fairytales. It couldn't have been more than about three feet tall, but you could see it was incredibly strong and... sinewy, I suppose is the word. And it was grinning at us. I'm afraid I don't remember anything too clearly after that.

**DOCTOR** Well done, Evelyn. Fascinating. A complete psionic projection of the creature itself.

**EVELYN** But why didn't it attack me?

**DOCTOR** I'm not entirely certain. You say it just disappeared?

**EVELYN** The thing launched itself right at me. I thought I'd had it, but then, quick as a flash, it just melted away in mid-air.

**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor, what's the explanation?

**DOCTOR** I don't know. It sounds as though Evelyn must have repulsed the psionic field somehow.

**EVELYN** Thank you very much.

**DOCTOR** But to do that, you'd need to be surrounded by a - wait a minute! Were you carrying that little stone you found in the fogou?

**EVELYN** Um - yes, I think I put it in my handbag.

**DOCTOR** May I?

**EVELYN** Go ahead.

*We hear the DOCTOR unzipping and rummaging through EVELYN's bag over the following dialogue.*

**BRIGADIER** Do I gather Dr Smythe was protected from this creature by another piece of alien rock, Doctor?<sup>22</sup>

**DOCTOR** It's possible. Honestly, Evelyn, how do you ever find anything in this mess?

**EVELYN** Well, if that isn't the pot calling the kettle black, I don't know what is.

**DOCTOR** Ah, here we are.

**BRIGADIER** Curious-looking thing.

**DOCTOR** It's a bisilicate compound of some kind. I wonder - some sort of magnetic induction loop, perhaps.

**EVELYN** It's just a pebble with a hole in it!

**DOCTOR** Yes it is, isn't it? We're dealing with an entirely alien technology here. Still, the fact that you were carrying this explains how you managed to dissipate the psionic field when the projection got too close to you.

**BRIGADIER** What course of action do you propose now, Doctor?  
**DOCTOR** I think it's time we got to know our enemy a little better.  
Evelyn, did you find anything in Sir Archibald's library?  
**EVELYN** Rather a lot, as a matter of fact.

*Door opens.*

**LUDGATE** Hot chocolate, as requested.  
**EVELYN** Bless you, Mr Ludgate. And would you just pass over my bag? Thank you. Now then...

*She rustles papers.*

**EVELYN** There's quite a history of things going bump in the night around here. I knew I'd heard of Lanyon Moor somewhere along the line, and yesterday afternoon I suddenly realised where, so I phoned up a friend of mine who lectures in history at Oxford. Now listen to this. It comes from the diary of a fellow called Edward Hopkins, who fought with the Royalists in the Civil War. In 1645 he was on the run from a party of Roundheads, and he hid in the fogou overnight. There - read that.

*We hear papers change hands. Atmospheric music as the DOCTOR reads.*

**DOCTOR** (*Reads*) 'Mortal dread was my only companion, for that place the Fogie Hole has long been call'd a Home of Witches and Devils. The night was pass'd in watchful prayer, and in the morning I gave thanks to leave that ungodly Pit with my life. I reach'd the place known as Pengriffen's Knap, whereat I made a strange and wonderful discovery that brought me in mind of how near I had come to my doom. The persecutors of the King's army had made their camp beside that ancient hillock, and around the embers of their campfire I found their pitiful remains. Torn asunder they were to the last man, whether by the onslaught of some fearful beast, or by Divine retribution against their wickedness, I cannot tell.'

*Underscoring stops.*

**DOCTOR** Well, he had a Cavalier attitude.  
**EVELYN** Don't joke. It's horrible.

**DOCTOR** Yes, it is. What else did you find?

**EVELYN** Right. There's one of Sir Archibald's ancestors, a fellow called Sir Percival Flint, who controlled the tin-mining industry around these parts at the end of the eighteenth century. Anyway, it seems that Percy was a bit of an amateur archaeologist.

**LUDGATE** They all were in those days. Amateur, I mean. Did more damage than good, digging everything up willy-nilly and not putting it back properly.

**DOCTOR** Please don't interrupt, Mr Ludgate. I can't abide interruptions.

*As if on cue, the door opens.*

**MORGAN** Ah, there you are, Dr Smythe. So sorry to hear about your awful experience.

**EVELYN** I'm much better now, thank you, Professor.

**DOCTOR** What happened to Sir Percival, Evelyn?

**EVELYN** Where was I? Ah yes. In 1783 he tried to excavate one of the chambered tombs, and according to him, all hell broke loose. Listen to this. 'No sooner had the great portal-stone been dragged from its place, than a fearful wind blew up, which together with ghastly shrieks and screams, such as might have arisen from the unholy depths, caused the men to desert their work and flee...'

**DOCTOR** Fascinating.

**MORGAN** Oh, really, Doctor, that sort of thing is all very well for a busload of hippies at Tintagel, but I'd expect a little more rigour from an academic like yourself.

**BRIGADIER** Oh, I think you'll find that the Doctor can be quite rigorous when the occasion demands, Professor.

**DOCTOR** Thank you, Brigadier. Go on, Evelyn.

**EVELYN** Well, it carries on in the same vein for a bit, blah-blah-blah... ah, here we are: 'When at length the men were prevailed upon to return the stone to its former position, it was found that whereas six horses had been necessary to remove it from the mound, only two were required to bring it back, and this despite the latter operation taking an uphill gradient.'

**MORGAN** Oh, the early antiquarians are full of that sort of nonsense. Fancy and flummery, whipped up to get a bit of publicity.<sup>23</sup>

**EVELYN** Well, I don't know how you explain the next bit.

**DOCTOR** Tell on.

**EVELYN** In the 1840s there was a tenant farmer who decided to flatten the tumulus so he could plough up the hill and plant more crops. He'd hardly started digging when he had a heart attack and dropped down dead right there on top of the mound.

**LUDGATE** Yes, that one's a well-known story round here. They reckon his entire herd of cattle died within the next month, and when the new farmer moved in, his crops failed for seven years.

**MORGAN** Oh, for pity's sake, Mr Ludgate, don't you start.

**DOCTOR** Remarkable. An enormous release of psionic energy triggered by interference with the mound, I imagine. Enough to annihilate life and poison the soil in the immediate area. A formidable defence mechanism.

**MORGAN** A formidable release of preposterous flim-flam, you mean. Enough to drive any self-respecting academic to distraction.

**DOCTOR** Professor Morgan, have you ever heard the expression 'only the used key shines'?

**MORGAN** What are you talking about?

**DOCTOR** Wherever I go in the universe I invariably meet people like you. Intelligent, knowledgeable people who, for reasons I can only guess at, reach a point in their lives when they arbitrarily decide to close their minds to anything new. You make it a point of personal pride to scoff, mock and ridicule anybody who happens to inhabit a larger universe than the one in which you have chosen to imprison yourself. Well, that's your business. You may believe I'm talking nonsense, and I can't help what you personally choose to believe, but I do know this: the only way to learn is to keep your mind open to the input of those who are more knowledgeable than yourself. Now, I suggest we all go downstairs and let Evelyn get some rest.

**MORGAN** Well, of all the overbearing, condescending...

**BRIGADIER** What's your plan, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** We need to trace the source of the energy emissions. Now, I'm going back to the moor to fetch some equipment from the TARDIS. And while I'm away, nobody is to go anywhere near that fogou. Is that understood?

**MORGAN** I shall go where I please, when I please. I must tell you

that I am not accustomed to being addressed in that manner, and furthermore...

**BRIGADIER** Perfectly understood, Doctor. Come along, Professor, Mr Ludgate, let's leave Dr Smythe in peace.<sup>24</sup>  
*He bundles them out, MORGAN protesting, 'Brigadier, this is unacceptable...'*

*Door closes.*

**DOCTOR** Try and get some sleep, Evelyn.

**EVELYN** Doctor, I'm fine, really.

**DOCTOR** I know you are. But I have a feeling we'll need all the energy we can muster over the next day or so.

**EVELYN** All right. I'll try.

**DOCTOR** That's the spirit.

**EVELYN** If I do that, will you go downstairs and apologise to Professor Morgan?

**DOCTOR** What on Earth for? The man's an idiot.

**EVELYN** No he isn't - he's a very clever man at the top of his profession, who just doesn't understand what's going on. I'm not saying I don't agree with every word of what you said, because I do. But try and look at things from his point of view. Here he is, trying to run a nice straightforward survey, and all of a sudden he's got Doctors and Brigadiers and pixies and goodness knows what cluttering the place up. And now this poor girl getting killed. Under the circumstances you can't blame him for taking it out on us. It's a wonder the man hasn't gone completely doolally. Just try and be nice to him.

**DOCTOR** Oh... I suppose you're right. Very well, I'll apologise.

**EVELYN** Thank you.

**DOCTOR** Oh, and by the way...

**EVELYN** Yes?

**DOCTOR** Good work at the library.

**EVELYN** My pleasure.

**DOCTOR** Sleep tight.

*He closes the door gently.*

## **SCENE 19: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**MORGAN** Do I take it that Martial Law has now been declared?

**BRIGADIER** Professor Morgan, there's really no need to over-react. The Doctor has a brilliant mind, and many years of experience have taught me that it's best to listen to him.

**MORGAN** I've never been spoken to in that tone of voice!

**BRIGADIER** I agree the Doctor can occasionally be a little forthright.

**MORGAN** He was arrogant!

**BRIGADIER** Single-minded, perhaps, maybe even a little vain - but arrogant? I don't think so. Arrogance is a kind of foolishness, and believe me, the Doctor is no fool.<sup>25</sup>

**DOCTOR** (*Coming downstairs*) I'm delighted to hear you say so, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Ah, Doctor. How is Evelyn?

**DOCTOR** Oh, she's as tough as old boots, she'll be fine. Professor Morgan...

**MORGAN** Yes, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** It's a privilege and a pleasure to know that we can rely

on your expertise during this crisis. Your presence is quite invaluable and we're tremendously fortunate to have you here.

**MORGAN** Humph.

**DOCTOR** When I get back here with my equipment, I'd be most grateful for your advice on matters archaeological.

**MORGAN** Well, we shall see.

**DOCTOR** Good, good. I should be back within the hour. (*He is departing*) And remember – no-go fogou!

**BRIGADIER** Understood, Doctor.

*Door.*

**MORGAN** (*Sulking but no longer angry*) What an infuriating man.

**BRIGADIER** Oh, he can be. He can be.

## **SCENE 20: Ext. PATH OUTSIDE THE INSTITUTE**

*The DOCTOR closes the door and we hear his footsteps crunching on the gravel path.*

**DOCTOR** (*To himself*) What an infuriating man. However – onward and upward. Portable field vector map should do the trick. It'll be fun carrying that down the hill...

## **SCENE 21: Int. BEDROOM AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*Knock on door.*

**EVELYN** Come in.

*Door opens.*

**LUDGATE** I've brought you another hot chocolate.

**EVELYN** You're a man after my own heart, Mr Ludgate.

**LUDGATE** Oh, don't keep calling me that. Philip, please.

**EVELYN** Well, thank you. One of my students is called Philip. I suppose you're not much older than him, come to think of it, are you?

**LUDGATE** I don't know how old he is, but I'm twenty-five if that helps.

**EVELYN** Listen, Philip, I think there's something not quite right up at the Manor.

**LUDGATE** How do you mean?

**EVELYN** Well... I don't know. All his servants were away. Sir Archibald's all alone in that great big house, and yet...

**LUDGATE** What?

**EVELYN** I don't know – I just got the impression that there was more going on in that house than he wanted me to think. Just a sort of gut feeling I had.

**LUDGATE** Well, he's a funny old boy, that's for sure. He's probably the original Norman Bates. Got his mother in the cellar.

**EVELYN** No, I'm serious. He left me alone in the library, and when I opened the door a second later he'd disappeared. There was no way he could have got right across the hall in that time.

**LUDGATE** Well, I should think that old house is full of hidden panels and things. Nothing terribly mysterious about that.

**EVELYN** But it was literally a matter of seconds. I think there's something funny about him.

**LUDGATE** You mean you think he might have something to do with what's been going on?

**EVELYN** Oh, I don't know. It seems ridiculous now you've said it. He's probably just a sweet old man. Very old-fashioned - something of which, as you might imagine, I approve.

**LUDGATE** You don't think we should -

**EVELYN** What?

**LUDGATE** Well - you know - go and have a little poke around?

**EVELYN** At the Manor?

**LUDGATE** Yes. Sir Archibald goes out every single morning. He's always down in the village, chairing committee meetings for the local hunt or whatever. We could take advantage of his absence.

**EVELYN** You mean break in?

**LUDGATE** Well - yeah.

**EVELYN** That's an outrageous suggestion. (Pause) Shall we do it?

**LUDGATE** Seriously?

**EVELYN** No, we can't. The Brigadier and Professor Morgan would never countenance it.

**LUDGATE** Well, they don't have to know, do they? I mean, after what happened last night the survey's pretty much on hold, so I'm free to do what I want. And you're up here getting some much-needed sleep, aren't you? So who would notice if we just slipped down the back stairs and popped over to Pengriffen Manor for a couple of hours? Have a quick snoop around, be back here before lunch.<sup>26</sup>

**EVELYN** This is criminal.

**LUDGATE** Well, a bit.

**EVELYN** Let's do it.

**LUDGATE** Great. I'll nip down the back stairs and check if the coast is clear while you get dressed.

**EVELYN** Not a word of this to the others, all right? I'm sure the Brigadier is altogether far too chivalrous to let me out of this room until I'm fully recovered. Which I am, incidentally.

**LUDGATE** Mum's the word. I'll see you in a minute.

## **SCENE 22: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

**DOCTOR** *(Singing to himself as he climbs; perhaps we can also hear the ping of the TARDIS homing device as in Mawdryn Undead)* Bom-bom-bom... I've wandered up and down this particular airy mountain quite enough times already... and here - we - are! Wait a minute... the TARDIS... it's gone!

## **SCENE 23: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*Echoing acoustic as before in the hallway. We hear a latch opening and an external door being tentatively opened to avoid making noise. Speeches are half-whispered to begin with.*

**LUDGATE** In you come!

**EVELYN** I'm rather glad I was too large to get through the window. I'm afraid I make a rather nervous housebreaker.

**LUDGATE** *(A bit louder)* Could have been a lot harder. We should be thankful Sir Archibald doesn't have burglar alarms.

**EVELYN** Sssh! Keep your voice down!

**LUDGATE** Oh, there's no one about, honestly. Nobody here but us chickens. So, where d'you want to start?

**EVELYN** I don't even know what we're doing here really. All right, you start on the rooms down that corridor. I'll go across the hall and start on the other wing.

**LUDGATE** Right. Er, what am I looking for, exactly?

**EVELYN** Anything that might suggest he's got some sort of operation going on here. Incriminating letters, computer files, I don't know. Evidence of jiggery-pokery.

**LUDGATE** Right.

**EVELYN** Meet you at the main staircase in twenty minutes.

**LUDGATE** Righto.

#### **SCENE 24: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*Door.*

**BRIGADIER** Ah, Doctor. Did you get the equipment you needed?

**DOCTOR** (*Absently*) Mm? No.

**BRIGADIER** Change of plan?

**DOCTOR** You could say that, yes. The TARDIS has disappeared.

**BRIGADIER** Taken off without you? How?

**DOCTOR** I don't know. She's either dematerialised or slipped a dimension somehow, but either way she's gone.

**BRIGADIER** Hold on, Doctor. I seem to recall the TARDIS became invisible once before.

**DOCTOR** Oh, it's nothing like that, Brigadier. This is rather more serious, I'm afraid. This creature, whatever it is, doesn't want me to have access to the TARDIS. I suspect it's already sensed that I might be a threat to its plans.

**BRIGADIER** Well, that's just it, Doctor - what is it, and what are its plans?

**DOCTOR** I wish I knew.

#### **SCENE 25: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*We hear EVELYN's footsteps in an echoing room.*

**EVELYN** (*To herself*) Nothing here either. Oh, this is ridiculous. Breaking and entering at my age. You should be ashamed of yourself, woman. I'm getting out of here.

*An ominous click as she inadvertently activates a hidden door, which creaks open.*

**EVELYN** Hello - what on Earth is this?

*As she enters, we hear the faint hum of electronic equipment and the occasional bleep of some sort of scanning device - in other words, the interior atmosphere of a good old Doctor Who-style secret laboratory.*

**EVELYN** This is incredible! What is it?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** It's my laboratory, Dr Smythe. Do you like it?

*A gasp of surprise from EVELYN as he clicks the door shut behind her.*

**EVELYN** Sir Archibald! What are you doing in here?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Isn't that the very question I ought to be asking you, Dr Smythe?

**EVELYN** Er... yes, that is rather difficult to explain, isn't it?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I feel confident that you'll give it a go.

**EVELYN** Well, you did say I could come back whenever I liked.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Call me an old traditionalist, but I had rather naively imagined that you might have come to the front door and rung the bell. Well, I must say this is all terribly exciting. I've never had burglars before. Are you alone, or do you have accomplices casing the joint?

**EVELYN** I'm... alone.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You're quite sure about that, are you?

**EVELYN** You can see for yourself there's nobody else here. I came on my own.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Well, that's fortunate. But only for me, I'm afraid. You really shouldn't have come here, Dr Smythe.

**EVELYN** I'd better be on my way then.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Oh no, I don't think so. Not now. I'm afraid you've seen things you really oughtn't to have seen. The question is, what am I going to do with you?

## **SCENE 26: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**DOCTOR** The question is, how can I trace the source of the energy emissions?

**BRIGADIER** Without your gubbins from the TARDIS, you mean?

**DOCTOR** Exactly. Time to empty the pockets again, I think.

**BRIGADIER** That reminds me, I've still got your roll of copper wire in my coat pocket. Shall I get it?

**DOCTOR** Not much help just at the moment, Brigadier. Good gracious, a meta-dimensional rheostat. I wonder how long I've been carrying that around.

**BRIGADIER** Any good for the job in hand?

**DOCTOR** Completely useless, unfortunately. I suppose I could lash up a short-range scanner...

**BRIGADIER** That'll do the trick, will it?

**DOCTOR** Well, it'll be a bit of a botch-up. I'd have to cannibalise the tracking equipment in here...

**BRIGADIER** I'm sure that will endear you to Professor Morgan no end.

**DOCTOR** Well, you can't have everything, can you? There's just one problem.

**BRIGADIER** There always is.

**DOCTOR** Clearly this creature has highly developed powers of psychic manipulation. The moment I switch on, it'll almost certainly realise what I'm up to, and set up a field of psionic interference.

**BRIGADIER** You mean a kind of jamming signal?

**DOCTOR** Exactly, a jamming signal. The TARDIS's telepathic circuits would have circumvented that problem, but without them...

**BRIGADIER** Go on.

**DOCTOR** Well, the only way I can do it is by amplifying my own alpha-waves and introducing them as a random factor in the scanning operation.

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, as I'm sure you are only too aware, I am hanging on to this conversation by my fingernails. Are you saying that this device will need your own mental powers to make it work?

**DOCTOR** In effect, yes. But that makes it sound more complicated than it is.

**BRIGADIER** Isn't it going to be rather dangerous, Doctor? Going head-to-head with this psychic creature?



**DOCTOR** Potentially lethal, I should think.  
**BRIGADIER** In that case I absolutely forbid it.  
**DOCTOR** Brigadier, it's the only way. We have to find out what this creature is doing. There may only have been one death so far, but believe me, unless we get cracking it won't be the last by a long chalk.  
**BRIGADIER** There must be another way...  
**DOCTOR** If there were, I should certainly take it, but there isn't! It's a necessary risk, Brigadier. If my suspicions are correct, your planet is in the gravest danger.

### **SCENE 27: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (SECRET LABORATORY)**

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Comfortable, Dr Smythe?  
**EVELYN** Do I look comfortable?  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** You don't, but as you've already discovered today, appearances can be deceptive.  
**EVELYN** Will you please untie me? I'll be missed, you know.  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** That doesn't really matter. By the time people come looking, I'll be... in charge.  
**EVELYN** You're a bit crackers, aren't you?  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** Am I? It's all so subjective, isn't it? Who says I'm crackers?  
**EVELYN** I do. And everyone I can think of, offhand, would agree if they were here now.  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** But they're not, are they? Intellect, ambition, innovation, bravery, the courage to move beyond the stifling parameters of social conformity – these have always been regarded as signs of madness by the plodding majority.  
**EVELYN** You're starting to sound like Dr Faustus now. Do you know what happened to him?  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** My dear Dr Smythe, religion is for people who believe in Hell. Magic is for people who have been there.  
**EVELYN** Magic? What are you ranting about now? You really are crackers, aren't you?  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** Have you ever heard of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn?  
**EVELYN** Yes, I think so. Something to do with that narcissistic charlatan who wrote awful poetry – Crowley, Aleister Crowley. Filed his teeth into points and called himself 'The Beast'. He was a bit of a joke really.  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** He was a prophet, Dr Smythe. His vision was the dissolution of universal morality.  
**EVELYN** Rubbish. He wasn't a prophet. At the very best he was a cut-price Nietzsche.  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law'.  
**EVELYN** Well, exactly. What kind of feeble philosophy is that? My students observe it every Friday night – it's just an excuse for a good party, dressed up in a bit of Medieval lingo.  
**SIR ARCHIBALD** You babbling inadequate. As you are about to learn, I have made rather more of it than that.  
**EVELYN** I'm sure you have, but as I pointed out earlier, you're crackers.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** There is power out there on Lanyon Moor. Deep, dark, primal power such as no man has ever known. All my life I have studied the history of this place, the psychic emanations, the spectre of the moor.

**EVELYN** That's why you funded the survey.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I thought it might be of some use to me. But as it turns out, Professor Morgan's scratching in the sand is of no consequence. With or without his assistance, my life's work is about to reach fruition.

**EVELYN** It's certainly got something to do with fruit, but probably not in the way you think. Nuts are another major ingredient.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Your clumsy attempts at sarcasm cannot disguise your fear, Dr Smythe. My family has always prided itself in being among this country's most loyal servants. It is fashionable nowadays for those with no sense of duty or history to despise the so-called privileged classes. Our institutions are becoming overrun by the worst kind of parvenu. Well, my service may no longer be required, but my blood cannot be taken from me so easily.

**EVELYN** Don't let's get above ourselves, old chum. You're only a Baronet, you know. That makes you a commoner like me. You might think I have no sense of history, but I'm sufficiently up on the subject to know that your ancestors probably bought you your place on the lowest rung of the aristocracy.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Your envy ill becomes you, doctor.

**EVELYN** Anyway, what's all this got to do with Aleister Crowley? How does the dissolution of morality fit in with some two-bit lordling with a screw loose, getting ideas above his station?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Crowley, of all men, knew that his flock needed leadership. And a prophet, after all, is merely one who prepares the way for a messiah.

**EVELYN** Oh I see, a messiah. And that would be you, would it?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Have a care, Dr Smythe. I am on the threshold of fulfilling my destiny.

**EVELYN** Well, that's nice for you.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You mock me, but I smell the terror in your mind. What you see around you are the results of decades of privately funded research. The equipment in this laboratory focuses the power of my will. I believe you witnessed a demonstration only last night.

**EVELYN** A demonstration...? You don't mean... it was you who caused that creature to appear?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I summoned it forth, Dr Smythe, and it came.

**EVELYN** I don't believe you.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Believe what you like. My experiments are complete. When the spectre rises tonight on Lanyon Moor, it is I who will harness it. Then I shall be able to create and destroy at will. To do my will shall be the whole of the law.

**EVELYN** *(Getting a bit scared now)* You really are mad, aren't you? You actually believe all this rubbish!

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Doubt is Devil-born, Dr Smythe. Look at that window. Now! *The window shatters into pieces spectacularly. Howling wind blows in.*

**EVELYN** *(Raising her voice above the wind)* How did you do that?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** *(Raising his voice similarly)* I hope your students are more attentive than you are. I did it with my mind, Dr Smythe. Shall we put it back together again? Now!

*Reversed sound effect as the window re-forms. The wind stops abruptly and all is calm, including SIR ARCHIBALD.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Sixteenth-century. Wouldn't want it broken, would we?

**EVELYN** You did that...

**SIR ARCHIBALD** It's a pity you didn't believe me in the first place, Dr Smythe. When forced to provide a demonstration, one does feel rather like a performing seal.

**EVELYN** What are you going to do with me?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** If you hadn't already seen too much, you certainly have now, my dear. And it occurs to me that I've never had a human subject before.

**EVELYN** What do you mean - a human subject?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** When I was a little boy, before the war, I remember my best friend and I used to enjoy burning ants with a magnifying glass.

**EVELYN** That doesn't surprise me in the slightest.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** He died in Korea. But I'm straying away from the point.

**EVELYN** What is the point?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Now who's being a cut-price Nietzsche? The point, Dr Smythe, is that although I am still beset by ants, I don't need a magnifying glass any more.

**EVELYN** You're totally unhinged.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** This laboratory is my glass, and with the merest twitch of my mind I can make things crackle and smoulder. Now, since it was your eyes that got you into this pickle, I think it's only fitting that they should be the first part of you to be put out of their misery. I shall exercise the utmost discipline and boil them out very slowly, Dr Smythe. I want you to feel the benefit. Do excuse me for a moment, while I make the necessary adjustments to my apparatus. *(He strides away)*

**EVELYN** *(Whispering to herself)* Oh, Doctor...

## **SCENE 28: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**DOCTOR** There. That should do it.

**BRIGADIER** Looks like the crystal wireless sets I used to make when I was a boy. Is this thing really going to work, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Should do. Now, Brigadier, I have to confess I'm not entirely sure exactly what will happen when I switch on. I might look as though I'm in some pain - come to think of it, I might be in some pain - but at all costs, don't switch off, and don't pull the headset off me. It might take some time to get a proper triangulation.

**BRIGADIER** Very well, Doctor. But are you quite sure this is entirely sensible?

**DOCTOR** I think, on reflection, this has to be one of the least sensible things I've ever done. But I have no choice, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Surely, if it's just a matter of tracing some transmissions, we could do it at a UNIT tracking station.

**DOCTOR** You're forgetting the psionic jamming signal, Brigadier. Unlikely as it may seem, this little lash-up is our best option. And anyway, time is of the essence.

## **SCENE 29: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (SECRET LABORATORY)**

*Computer keys being tapped.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I won't detain you for very much longer, doctor.

**EVELYN** You'll never get away with this, you know. People will stop you.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I don't think so, Dr Smythe. You see, they simply won't have the willpower.

**EVELYN** Why on earth do you want to do it, anyway? Why impose your will on the whole world? What for?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** It is my destiny. My birthright.

**EVELYN** I can see why they wanted to get rid of the hereditary peers.<sup>27</sup>

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You're an educated woman, Dr Smythe. Do you really want to end your life chattering like an ape?

**EVELYN** I wasn't planning to end it at all, actually.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** There – everything is ready. And we switch on – here – *A switch is flicked and a new hum is added to the background.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Oh, this will be most interesting. Eyes first, didn't we agree? Very well, Dr Smythe. Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin!

*The hum of power rises.*

**END OF PART TWO**

## PART THREE

### (RECAP)

**EVELYN** You'll never get away with this, you know. People will stop you.

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*The hum of power rises.*

### SCENE 30: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

**DOCTOR** Well – no time like the present. Switch on, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Right. Hold tight, Doctor!

*The machine is switched on. Instantly all hell breaks loose – windows smashing, objects flying, a rushing wind and other 'poltergeist' activity. Through it all we hear the DOCTOR cry out in pain.*

**BRIGADIER** Doctor! Doctor, are you all right?

*The barrage of noise continues, and cutting through it we hear the guttural howl of SANCREDA – all the rage and pain of his thousands of years of imprisonment.*

**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Scryfan, you have deserted me! Do not leave me!<sup>28</sup>

### SCENE 31: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (SECRET LABORATORY)

*The background hum is rising in pitch.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Can you feel anything yet, Dr Smythe? Getting a little warm around the sockets, are we?

*EVELYN moans softly. Then we hear the scanning equipment rising rapidly in pitch and a distant, muted version of the same cry from SANCREDA as heard in the previous scene, as though from an immense distance.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** What is this? Circuit overload? How can it –

*A small explosion as parts of the equipment overload and blow up. The humming wavers downwards in pitch and stops. Silence.*

**EVELYN** My eyes are fine.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Shut up! (*He slaps her; she gasps*) Whatever has happened, my dear, I can assure you that your stay of execution is entirely temporary.

**SCENE 32: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*The deafening sound is still continuing as in Scene 30.*

**BRIGADIER** Doctor! Doctor, can you hear me? Doctor! I'm going to switch off!

*The machine is deactivated. The roaring subsides, the wind drops and there is silence.*

**BRIGADIER** Doctor? (*Slaps face*) Doctor, wake up. Doctor, can you hear me?<sup>29</sup>

**SCENE 33: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (STUDY)**

*We hear old-fashioned, chunky bolts being drawn back. EVELYN is pushed into a cold and inhospitable room.*

**EVELYN** I don't think much of the guest wing.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Yes, I'm afraid my grandfather's study has been rather neglected in recent years, Dr Smythe, but since you have already proved yourself more than equal to the challenge of a little dust, I feel sure you will not find your stay here too incommodious.

**EVELYN** Oh no, it's quite delightful. More stained glass, I see.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Indeed. In fact, you may wish to contemplate the subject of this window.

**EVELYN** It's the 'Noli Me Tangere'.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Curiously appropriate, is it not? He tells her not to touch Him because He has not yet ascended to His throne. But He will do so by and by, Dr Smythe.

**EVELYN** As soon as he's repaired his computer banks, eh? I don't remember that bit.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Perhaps it would be unwise to strain the analogy. But don't worry, your stay here will not be protracted. I shall invite you back to my laboratory just as soon as repairs are complete.

**EVELYN** Do all your own maintenance as well, do you? I'm impressed.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** It would comfort you to think of me as a solitary madman, wouldn't it, Dr Smythe? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I am not alone here.

**EVELYN** I thought your butler was visiting his mother.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Oh, he is. I've had to get some other help in. Well, I'd love to stay chatting, as you can imagine, but I really must leave you for now. We shall resume our experiment later.

*Heavy door slams and bolts rattle.*

**EVELYN** (*A deep breath*) Steady yourself, Evelyn. You're all right. You're in one piece and you've been in worse scrapes than this. Right then, I've seen this film. What happens now is that the heroine escapes from her cell. Somehow...

**SCENE 34: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**BRIGADIER** Doctor! Doctor, wake up!  
*We hear the door being pushed open against piles of debris, and footsteps on broken glass.*

**MORGAN** (Stunned by the devastation) What the devil's been going on here?

**BRIGADIER** Professor Morgan, we're going to have to call an ambulance. The Doctor's out for the count.

**MORGAN** Um... right. Yes, of course. If I can find the telephone in all this – ah, here we are.<sup>30</sup> (*Begins dialling*)

**BRIGADIER** Good man. I've got him warm and loosened his collar. I'm not sure what else I can do.

**DOCTOR** A cup of tea would be nice.

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, thank heavens! Never mind the ambulance, Professor Morgan. Could you lay on some tea instead?

### **SCENE 35: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (STUDY)**

*We hear EVELYN tapping and scraping the wood-panelled wall.*

**EVELYN** Well, that's the walls then. I suppose a secret passage would have been too much to expect. Real life just isn't that convenient. Door's out of the question, so that just leaves the window. I wonder – if I wind my cardigan round something... like one of these books, for example...

*We hear a heavy book being taken from a shelf.*

**EVELYN** Well, it's worth a try, I suppose.

### **SCENE 36: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*There is the occasional crunch of broken glass underfoot when people move during this scene.*

**DOCTOR** (*Taking a sip of tea*) Delicious.

**MORGAN** Well, I'm glad you're feeling better, Doctor, but what Sir Archibald is going to say about this devastation I cannot imagine.<sup>31</sup> To say nothing of the fact that months of careful research have been mashed up like soup in a blender. I only hope you've got something to show for it.

**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Mm?

**BRIGADIER** Was it worth risking your life and near enough destroying Professor Morgan's lab? Have you got your readings?<sup>32</sup>

**DOCTOR** Two – three – six... just working them out now, Brigadier. I'll tell you what would be of the utmost assistance at this moment.

**BRIGADIER** Yes?

**DOCTOR** A pencil. Have you got one over there, Professor?

**MORGAN** Be my guest.

**DOCTOR** Thank you so much. As my old tutor was fond of telling me, you can go a long way with no talent, but you'll never get anywhere without a pencil. Did I say two-three-six?

**BRIGADIER** I think so, yes.

**DOCTOR** Good.

*A few seconds of frantic pencil scribbling.<sup>33</sup>*

**DOCTOR** There we are then. Very interesting. And pretty accurate, I fancy, considering you did what I expressly told you not to do, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** If I hadn't switched off when I did, Doctor, I doubt this building would still be in one piece.

**DOCTOR** Mm, you could be right. It was certainly a more dramatic reaction than I'd anticipated.

**MORGAN** You mean all this wind and poltergeist stuff was simply this creature trying to stop what you were doing, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** I'm afraid so. And if he can do that in his sleep, imagine what it'll be like when he wakes up.

**MORGAN** I don't follow you.

**DOCTOR** As I expected, the epicentre of the primary psionic field is that tumulus on the hill. The creature that's lying dormant beneath it has been haunting the moor for centuries.

**MORGAN** Since Neolithic times, you mean?

**DOCTOR** Oh, long before that. My guess would be that it arrived on Earth anything up to twenty thousand years ago. When the Neolithic settlers arrived they probably plonked their graveyard up there because it seemed to them that the site had connections with the spirit world.

**BRIGADIER** And this creature is roused from its sleep whenever the ground is disturbed?

**DOCTOR** Exactly, Brigadier. Hence the trouble with the archaeologists, and the Royal Navy and so forth.

**BRIGADIER** Well, what about the fogou? I mean, isn't that supposed to have been built thousands of years later? Where does that fit in?

**DOCTOR** I should imagine it was built by the Iron Age farmers as some kind of refuge when the haunting was particularly strong. Unfortunately for them, they used materials that were lying around the hillside.

**BRIGADIER** And in the process they used that piece of moon-rock or whatever it was?

**DOCTOR** Seems likely. So rather than a shelter, they ended up with a custom-built haunted house.

**MORGAN** So you're saying that the imps that are supposed to haunt this place are some sort of psychic image of the creature itself?

**DOCTOR** That's exactly right.

**MORGAN** But there's supposed to be a whole army of them.

**DOCTOR** No reason why the creature can't create a multiple manifestation of itself. Mind you, an army of projections will be nothing compared with just one of the real thing.

**BRIGADIER** Any idea what kind of creature it is, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Judging by Evelyn's description, together with the psionic activity and the lodestone in the fogou, I think I have a theory, yes. And it's not a very comforting one.

**BRIGADIER** Well, don't keep us in suspense.

**DOCTOR** I think it's a Tregannan. A race of planet-hopping colonists from the Spurgian system. Particularly vicious bunch, I'm afraid.<sup>34</sup> Millions of years ago they found a way to regulate the electrical activity of their brains with the help of certain psycho-active minerals found in their part of the galaxy. As a result, their entire technology is based on psionic energy and bits of old rock. It makes a formidable combination.

**MORGAN** It's the most fantastic thing I've ever heard.

**DOCTOR** But you're prepared to believe it, Professor?



**MORGAN** I've got to, haven't I, Doctor? After the events of the last couple of days, I think all bets are off.

**DOCTOR** Good man. Because I'm afraid things are going to get a great deal worse.

**BRIGADIER** What makes you say that, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** My little lash-up detected something else. A secondary psionic field operating approximately 24 degrees East, 38 degrees North.

**MORGAN** But... that's nowhere near here.

**BRIGADIER** No. That must be, oh, roughly, somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean.

**DOCTOR** At a guess, Brigadier, I should think it's Athens.

*A beat.*

**BRIGADIER** Athens? Great Scott! But that's where -

**DOCTOR** Yes. A bit of a coincidence, wouldn't you say?

### **SCENE 37: Int. ATHENS MUSEUM**

*Voices and bustle as crowds move through a busy museum. This atmosphere underscores the whole scene.*

**MUSEUM GUIDE** The next hall, ladies and gentlemen, contains some of the finest examples of classical Greek marble to be found anywhere outside the British Museum in London. (*Polite laughter*) But no, to be serious, ladies and gentlemen, all the sculptures in this hall date from the 5th century BC and they represent the peak of this beautiful art-form.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Excuse me?

**MUSEUM GUIDE** (*Aside to MRS MOYNIHAN*) A moment, please. (*To her party*) Enjoy the sculptures, ladies and gentlemen, and I will join you in a little minute. (*To MRS MOYNIHAN*) How can I help you, madam?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Could you direct me to the Celtic exhibits, please?

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Ah, madam, you have come at the wrong time. I am afraid that gallery is closed for renovation.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh, what an absolute nuisance. I was so hoping to see them.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** We don't have so many items of interest in our Celtic gallery, madam. It is very small, I'm afraid.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I know, but it's a particular hobby-horse of mine. I say, you couldn't give me a little private view, could you? I'd be terribly quick.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** I'm sorry, madam, but it is not permitted.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I'm quite happy to pay. A *personal* payment, of course. Look, I have some cash here. Would 200,000 Drachma be a suitable figure?

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Madam cannot be serious! I think, maybe, you don't understand your rates of exchange.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh, really, have I got it mixed up? How about 300,000 then?

**MUSEUM GUIDE** You don't mean it, madam.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I assure you I do. Really, just two minutes of your time would suffice.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Right now? I mean, this minute?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** If you please.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Okay. One moment, please. (*To the crowd*) Ladies and gentlemen, enjoy these sculptures and I shall return to you in just a few

minutes. (To MRS MOYNIHAN) This way then please, madam. We must be quick, however.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** So kind!

### **SCENE 38: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

**DOCTOR** The focusing amplifier. That's what she'll be after.

**BRIGADIER** What's that? Part of this creature's spaceship?

**DOCTOR** Not exactly. It's one of the cornerstones of Tregannan technology. A cyber-surgical implant worn on the body that slots into whichever piece of equipment they're using at the time. It enables them to boost their psionic energy over immense distances, and power up their hardware. Anything from a microwave oven to an interstellar battlecruiser.

**MORGAN** Now I know what to put on my birthday list.

**BRIGADIER** Well, what the devil is this thing doing in Athens?

**DOCTOR** It's had plenty of time to get there, Brigadier. Remember, the Celts traded with the Mediterranean civilisations. I should imagine it was taken from Cornwall as a curio some time in the first century BC. Two thousand years later it's gathering dust in Athens. It's probably in a museum somewhere.

**BRIGADIER** Well, why hasn't anyone spotted it before now?

**DOCTOR** No reason why they should. I told you, Tregannan technology doesn't involve much industrial manufacture. This focusing amplifier will be nothing more than a small coil of ferrous metal, about the size of a coffee mug. It'll probably be covered in rust. Doesn't matter – it'll still work.

**BRIGADIER** And if Mrs Moynihan brings it back here – there'll be trouble, I take it?

**DOCTOR** Oh, yes. There'll be trouble all right.

**MORGAN** Hang on a minute, Doctor. Are you suggesting that Mrs Moynihan is in some way under this creature's influence?

**DOCTOR** Well, I doubt he's actually got her hypnotised.<sup>35</sup> Tregannans have many powers, but that isn't one of them.

**BRIGADIER** Then why's she working for him?

**DOCTOR** Why does anyone work for anyone? I imagine she's been promised something in return. Wealth, power, the usual.

**MORGAN** Are you telling me that my housekeeper has entered into some kind of Faustian pact with a pixie from outer space?

**DOCTOR** It's beginning to look that way, Professor.

**MORGAN** The minute she gets back here, she's fired.<sup>36</sup>

**DOCTOR** Believe me, if Mrs Moynihan gets back here you'll have precious little time to give her her cards. Brigadier, this is serious. That focusing amplifier must be kept away from the moor at all costs. Preferably kept out of the country altogether.

**BRIGADIER** Right, you'd better come with me, Doctor.

**DOCTOR** Where to?

**BRIGADIER** Goonhilly tracking station, about twenty miles away. They've got a UNIT operative in place there. We'll need to get on to HQ and see about setting up some roadblocks. With any luck it won't come to that, and we can intercept her at the airport.

**DOCTOR** Splendid. I'll just pop upstairs and tell Evelyn what's happening. I doubt she slept through our little experiment.

**MORGAN** Um, I'll do that if you like, Doctor. I mean, if it's that urgent, you'd better be on your way.

**DOCTOR** Yes, good idea. Thank you, Professor. Tell her we'll be back as soon as we can, would you?

**MORGAN** Will do.

**BRIGADIER** Come along then, Doctor, we've got a brisk walk ahead of us. The car's parked down at the pub.

### **SCENE 39: Int. ATHENS MUSEUM**

*A door opens on a still, quiet display hall, closed for renovation. While the door is open we can hear the distant bustle of the museum in the background. Door closes.*

**MUSEUM GUIDE** This is where we keep our small Celtic collection, madam.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh, splendid. Thank you so much. You may go.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Ah, no, madam. I must stay while you are here, so I can then lock up afterwards.<sup>37</sup> And we have not very much time.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** No, indeed. I see. Very well. Then I'd better see if I can find what I'm looking for.

**SANCREDA** *(A distant, muffled voice from afar; he's speaking only in MRS MOYNIHAN's head)* It is here. It is in this room. Search!

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh yes, these are fascinating, really they are.<sup>38</sup> Let's see, what do we have here?

**SANCREDA** There! Before you now in the second cabinet! It is the focusing amplifier!

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Really? That old thing at the back?

**MUSEUM GUIDE** I beg your pardon, madam?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** It doesn't look at all how I imagined.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** What doesn't?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh do shut up, you irritating little fool.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** I beg madam's pardon?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** You know, it offends me deeply that I even have to speak to people like you. You only brought me here because I offered you money. Look at you, with your high heels and your make-up and your greedy little eyes. You disgust me.

**MUSEUM GUIDE** Madam, I must ask you to leave now so that I can lock up.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Oh, I'm leaving all right. But you're not. And since you obviously have a penchant for cheap glass jewellery, perhaps you can make use of this!

*A loud smashing of glass. Alarms go off. We hear MRS MOYNIHAN walking briskly out of the room, closing the door. The alarm fades as she locks the door behind her and walks off.*

### **SCENE 40: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*Door opens.*

**LUDGATE** *(Tired and breathless)* Professor!

**MORGAN** Ludgate! Where the devil have you been?

**LUDGATE** I've been looking all over for Evelyn. You haven't seen her, have you?

**MORGAN** I was going to ask you the same thing. We thought she

was upstairs, but the bed's not been slept in. Look, I'm just popping down the road to see if she's left a message at the pub. The Doctor's at Goonhilly with Lethbridge-Stewart. You hold the fort here, all right?

**LUDGATE** Right.

**MORGAN** (*Calling back*) And the Doctor says not to go near the dig!

#### **SCENE 41: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (STUDY)**

**EVELYN** Well, here goes with Smythe's patent glass-silencer. Forgive me, Sir John Arundell, but it's either me or your window. (*She takes a deep breath. We hear a dull crack of glass breaking and the quieter tinkle of broken pieces landing on the ground outside. In the distance we can hear some rooks crowing in the trees*) So far so good. Now for the tricky bit.

#### **SCENE 42: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION**

*The background atmosphere of a busy NASA-type communications control room - technicians muttering into headsets, telephones being answered, computer keyboards being typed.*

**BRIGADIER** Goonhilly is one of the UN's telecommunication nerve-centres, Doctor. Once they get a UNIT incident team set up in here we should be able to get some results.

**DOCTOR** Well, how much longer is it going to take?<sup>39</sup>

**BRIGADIER** Matter of minutes now. I've just had confirmation that the team's flown in to Culdrose.

**DOCTOR** About time too. We were hanging around in reception for the best part of two hours.

**BRIGADIER** Yes, I'm sorry, Doctor, but you must appreciate I've been retired for a few years now. Gone are the days when all I had to do was reach for the red telephone. The desk it's on is three hundred miles away and has someone else's feet under it, so I'm afraid the security clearances take a little longer.<sup>40</sup>

**DOCTOR** Bumbling bureaucracy. I wouldn't be surprised if Mrs Moynihan's back in the country by now.

*Footsteps approaching.*

**ASHFORDE** Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart?

**BRIGADIER** Yes, Captain.

**ASHFORDE** Ashforde, sir, International Liaison.

**BRIGADIER** Pleased to meet you, Captain Ashforde. This is the Doctor.

**ASHFORDE** How do you do, sir. It's an honour to work with you both.

**BRIGADIER** All right, Captain, we need to crack on with this business straight away.

**ASHFORDE** So I understand, sir. We're already setting up a cordon around the immediate area. Roadblocks on all the major routes and we're posting sentries on the approaches to the burial chamber.

**BRIGADIER** Any news from Athens?

**ASHFORDE** Yes, sir, and I'm afraid it's not good. (*A rustle of paper*) This report's just through. Pelagia Stamatis, part-time guide at the Athens Central Museum, was found unconscious with severe head injuries in a locked gallery at 12.25, local time today. The police are treating it as aggravated burglary.

**DOCTOR** Burglary?

**ASHFORDE** One of the display cases was smashed to bits. The girl hasn't come round yet, so they're not sure whether anything's missing.

**DOCTOR** Oh, something's missing, Captain, believe me.

**BRIGADIER** 12.25, Athens time. So that was 10.25 this morning. How long did it take them to find her?

**ASHFORDE** Not very long, sir. The alarms went off as soon as the case was smashed, but there would have been time enough for the culprit to leave the museum.

**BRIGADIER** And that was, what, five hours ago. More than enough time for Mrs Moynihan to fly back home and clear customs. How long have you been watching the airports?

**ASHFORDE** Flights into Gatwick and Heathrow have been under surveillance for the last half hour, sir. Nothing yet. We're setting up all the other major ones now - Stansted, East Midlands, Birmingham -

**BRIGADIER** What about the small local airports? Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol? Has anyone checked if they take flights from Athens?

**ASHFORDE** I'm not sure, sir.

**BRIGADIER** Not sure? Dammit, man, those are the first ones you should have secured. This isn't just a matter of picking up some harmless old granny as she goes through the green gate, you know. She'll be working to a plan.

**ASHFORDE** Yes, sir.

**BRIGADIER** Well, don't just stand there, Captain. Get onto it!

**ASHFORDE** Sir! (*He goes*)

**DOCTOR** Well, Brigadier, it looks as if we might be too late after all.

**BRIGADIER** Don't worry, Doctor. If we've missed her at the airport, the roadblocks will pick her up.

**DOCTOR** I hope you're right, Brigadier.

**SCENE 43: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*LUDGATE is on the telephone.*

**LUDGATE** All right... I'll see you in two weeks, then. Give my love to Dad. Okay, bye.  
*Phone down. Door opens.*

**EVELYN** Oh, Philip, thank goodness.

**LUDGATE** Evelyn! Where in God's name did you get to? I've been worried sick!

**EVELYN** Where's the Doctor?

**LUDGATE** He's not here. Professor Morgan says he's gone to Goonhilly with the Brigadier. Hey, what's the matter with you? You've got blood on your arm.

**EVELYN** It's only a scratch. I got it climbing out of the window.

**LUDGATE** What happened back there? Where did you disappear to?

**EVELYN** Sir Archibald caught me.

**LUDGATE** Oh dear. Give you a bit of a telling-off, did he?

**EVELYN** Philip, we've got to do something. The man is completely insane.

**LUDGATE** Oh, come on. I know he's a bit eccentric, but surely that's pushing it a bit.

**EVELYN** You think so? I only escaped by breaking a window and making a run for it.

**LUDGATE** What? You make it sound as if he's been keeping you prisoner.

**EVELYN** That's exactly what he was doing. Philip, he's completely off his rocker. He's some sort of latter-day warlock. He's got a secret laboratory up there and he's planning to take control of this creature's psychic power.

**LUDGATE** I do believe you're serious.

**EVELYN** I'm serious all right. Since I last saw you I've been tied up, locked up, threatened with torture – I'd probably be dead by now if his machinery hadn't gone phut.

**LUDGATE** I can hardly believe it. Well, what should we do?

**EVELYN** How long did the Doctor say he'd be?

**LUDGATE** I don't know, I wasn't here.

**EVELYN** Well, whatever it is Sir Archibald's intending to do, I very much got the impression that tonight's the night. I think we should go back to the Manor.

**LUDGATE** Are you mad? If what you've just told me is true –

**EVELYN** It is true.

**LUDGATE** Then we should keep well away from there.

**EVELYN** But he's got to be stopped. I'm sure that's what the Doctor would say if he were here. If we can take him by surprise – I don't know, sabotage his laboratory or something...

**LUDGATE** You really are too headstrong for your own good, aren't you? You're the kind of girl my mother warned me about.

**EVELYN** Since I'm old enough to be your mother, I'll take that as a compliment. Well, are you coming?<sup>41</sup>

**LUDGATE** I must be mad. Come on then. But let's tread carefully.

**EVELYN** Don't worry, I will. I may have smashed my first window today, but you should see what he does to them.

**LUDGATE** Well, I'm unlikely ever to win the Lonsdale belt, but I reckon I can take on Sir Archibald. Come on then, let's go to work.

**EVELYN** Philip... thank you.

**LUDGATE** What for?

**EVELYN** For believing me. And coming back with me.

**LUDGATE** That's all right, mum.

**EVELYN** Don't be cheeky. Come on.

#### **SCENE 44: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*The moor at night. A cold wind, and perhaps an owl hooting. A SENTRY whistles disconsolately. Then we hear MRS MOYNIHAN's dogs in the distance.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** (*Voice approaching*) Buster! Down, boy! There's a good boy! Good evening, young man.

**SENTRY** Evening, Ma'am. What brings you up here?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I only live just down the road. It is a free country, you know.

**SENTRY** So it is, Ma'am, but I'm afraid you can't come up here tonight.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Why ever not?

**SENTRY** Just my orders, Ma'am. It's restricted. There's roadblocks and sentries all around this part of the moor.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I say, how terribly exciting. What on Earth is it all about? An unexploded bomb? Or perhaps Abel Magwitch has escaped from the prison hulks!

**SENTRY** I'm not at liberty to say, Ma'am.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I see. Well, my lad, this is the short-cut I've taken every day for the last twenty-five years, and I really don't see why I should stop now. It would upset my dogs. I'll just pop through, shall I?

**SENTRY** I really can't allow that, Ma'am. Sorry.

*A click-clack of his rifle.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Did you do that to intimidate me?

**SENTRY** Look, Ma'am, I have my orders. And my orders are that nobody is allowed past here, and I'm sorry but that includes you.<sup>42</sup>

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Young people today. You're all the same, aren't you? When I was your age I showed a bit of respect for my elders and betters.

**SENTRY** Listen, Ma'am -

**MRS MOYNIHAN** No, you listen to me. You think you can just barge through life getting your own way at all costs. Well, let me tell you, young man, you're going to pay for your contemptuous attitude.

**SENTRY** I don't have any kind of an attitude, Ma'am. Now I think we've had enough - what's that?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** This? Oh, it's just a bit of old metal. But look what it does!

*A sudden whoosh of wind as the malevolent imp projection appears, chuckling evilly.*

**SENTRY** What the hell - <sup>43</sup>

*The SENTRY opens fire, but the imp leaps at him with a ghastly screech and he hear his dying screams as he is gobbled up.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** *(Over the carnage)* I imagine people will be treating me rather differently in future.

#### **SCENE 45: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION**

*Background atmosphere as before.*

**BRIGADIER** Don't worry, Doctor. She'll be under lock and key long before she reaches the county boundary.

**DOCTOR** It's no good deceiving ourselves, Brigadier. She's here already, I'm sure of it. I suspect we have only a few hours' grace.

**BRIGADIER** What do you mean?

**DOCTOR** Even if he gets the focusing amplifier, the Tregannan won't be able to move very far for the time being. He'll be stuck up there on the moor until reinforcements arrive.

**BRIGADIER** Reinforcements?

**DOCTOR** Don't you see, Brigadier? These creatures are linked to the Tregannan gestalt by cyber-surgery that transducts their psionic power over vast distances.

**BRIGADIER** I'm sure you're right, Doctor.

**DOCTOR** Well, once he gets his hands on the focusing amplifier the first thing he'll do is send a distress call to his ship, isn't it?

**BRIGADIER** His ship? But, Doctor, you said he'd been buried here for twenty thousand years. Are you telling me he's still got a spaceship flying around up there somewhere?

**DOCTOR** It's always difficult to explain timescale relativity to

different species – they never seem to want to take it in. Tregannans live for hundreds of thousands of years, Brigadier. This little interregnum would be the equivalent of you going to sleep for, oh I don't know, a decade perhaps. Unusual, certainly, and undoubtedly very traumatic for the individual, but well within the time-frame of the species.

**BRIGADIER** And you say the creature gets its power from its spaceship?<sup>44</sup>

**DOCTOR** Indirectly, yes. Tregannan ships draw their energy from the home planet, and it's transferred to the crew by psionic induction. It gives them limitless motive energy as long as they don't stray too far from the power-source.

**BRIGADIER** So if this ship answers the distress call, the creature's power to move around and... do things... will increase as the ship gets nearer to Earth?

**DOCTOR** Comforting thought, isn't it? By the time the ship's a parsec or two from here he'll be able to regenerate himself in a physical form. Before that happens, we'd better think of something pretty good.

#### **SCENE 46: Lt. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*The front door opens with a big creak.*

**EVELYN** (*Sotto voce*) I still don't think it was a terribly good idea to come in through the main door.

**LUDGATE** We'll be all right. There's no one here.

**EVELYN** That's what you said last time.

*Brisk footsteps as EVELYN leads him across the hall.*

**LUDGATE** Where's this laboratory of yours, then?

**EVELYN** Straight through here. There's a catch in the panelling. Where is it? Ah, here.

*A click as the panel opens. We hear the laboratory effects.*

**LUDGATE** Good God...

**EVELYN** It's amazing, isn't it? He might be mad, but he obviously knows what he's doing. Or at least, someone does.

**LUDGATE** What do you mean?

**EVELYN** He didn't do all this himself. He's got someone helping him. Whoever it is must have an incredible scientific mind.

**LUDGATE** You're right.

**EVELYN** This is the machine that overloaded. Looks like he's nearly finished repairing it, look...

**LUDGATE** I wouldn't touch that, Evelyn.

**EVELYN** Why not?

**LUDGATE** Because I think it would be better if you moved away from it with your hands up.

**EVELYN** Philip... no...

**LUDGATE** I'm sorry, Evelyn.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You're right, Dr Smythe, he does have an incredible scientific mind.

**EVELYN** Philip, why?

**LUDGATE** I... like getting things done. Progress. Survival of the fittest. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I must confess, Dr Smythe, that I sorely underestimated you. It simply didn't occur to me that you had it in you to smash a



priceless Tudor window and scramble through a fifteen-foot ornamental rose border.

**EVELYN** Well, I'm glad I was able to impress you.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I have yet to find you at all impressive, Dr Smythe. Now, if you'll excuse us, Mr Ludgate and I have some important work to complete. Lock her up in the wine cellar.

**LUDGATE** Right. Come on, Evelyn.

**EVELYN** Oh, the wine cellar this time, is it?<sup>45</sup>

**SIR ARCHIBALD** There are no windows down there, Dr Smythe. I fear there's no wine either, for that matter, but never mind. We won't keep you waiting long.

**EVELYN** What's your stake in this business, Philip?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Mr Ludgate has been of the greatest assistance to me in many ways, Dr Smythe. He will be handsomely rewarded.

**EVELYN** Things all set for tonight then, are they? Closer to the Golden Dawn, are we?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You will die with inane prattle on your lips, Dr Smythe. The power on the moor is increasing by the hour. The work is almost complete. At midnight tonight I shall confront my destiny.

#### **SCENE 47: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION**

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, how many more of these Tregannans will there be on this spaceship?

**DOCTOR** Difficult to say. If it's only a survey ship as I suspect, there'll just be one other. The crew of two bonds with the ship for life, so our friend here won't have been replaced.

**BRIGADIER** Right. Well, it's clear that the best thing we can do is take immediate action before this fellow gets any stronger. I'll get on to Captain Ashforde.

**DOCTOR** Brigadier, if you're about to suggest dropping bombs on it, you can forget it. We've already seen how powerful its psychic defence mechanisms are, even in a dormant state. If you start chucking missiles at it, they'll just bounce off – and probably flatten St Ives in the process.

**BRIGADIER** So what do you suggest?

**DOCTOR** For the time being we're just going to have to sit tight and hope your men can keep Mrs Moynihan away from the moor.

#### **SCENE 48: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*Wind on the moor. Beneath it a low hum of power, underscored with faint, guttural gurgling.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Master, I am here. I have the relic from Athens.

*SANCREDA's voice is still distant and echoing, as though only in MRS MOYNIHAN's head.*

**SANCREDA** You have done well.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** What shall I do?

**SANCREDA** Place the focusing amplifier on the cairn before you.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Here?

**SANCREDA** There. Now – retreat from the tumulus.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Yes.

*The low hum builds in intensity and the ground rumbles and shakes. A*

*huge explosion as if a rock face were being detonated by high explosives. SANCREDA's roaring voice suddenly zooms forward from the 'distance' to the 'foreground', signifying that the creature is finally among us.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Master! You live!

**SANCREDA** I live. At last. And now, after eighteen thousand years of torment, here, on this primitive speck of mud in this benighted solar system, here begins my revenge!

**END OF PART THREE**

## PART FOUR

### (RECAP)

*The low hum builds in intensity and the ground rumbles and shakes. A huge explosion as if a rock face were being detonated by high explosives. SANCREDA's roaring voice suddenly zooms forward from the 'distance' to the 'foreground', signifying that the creature is finally among us.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Master! You live!

**SANCREDA** I live. At last. And now, after eighteen thousand years of torment, here, on this primitive speck of mud in this benighted solar system, here begins my revenge!

### SCENE 49: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION

**BRIGADIER** What the blazes was that? Felt almost like an earth tremor.

**DOCTOR** That's exactly what it was, Brigadier. We're too late.

**BRIGADIER** You mean Mrs Moynihan's broken through the cordon? She's taken this amplifying what-not up to the tumulus?

**DOCTOR** I should imagine that's what we just felt.

**BRIGADIER** And this is where things get serious, is it?

**DOCTOR** That's putting it mildly, Brigadier.

**ASHFORDE** Sir!

**BRIGADIER** Yes, Captain, what is it?

**ASHFORDE** We've just had confirmation from Jodrell Bank, sir. Deep-space tracking stations are picking up an unidentified object approaching the Earth at a rate of knots. Still too far away to be able to say what it is.

**DOCTOR** Oh, we know what it is all right.

**ASHFORDE** Sir?

**BRIGADIER** Any idea how long it'll take to get here, Captain?

**ASHFORDE** Yes, if it maintains its current speed and trajectory, sir, they reckon an approximate ETA of 2300 hours.

**BRIGADIER** Tonight?

**ASHFORDE** Yes, sir.

**BRIGADIER** Well, that didn't take long.

**DOCTOR** Oh, it doesn't, Brigadier. Not when your technology operates at the speed of thought.

### SCENE 50: Ext. LANYON MOOR

**SANCREDA** You have done well.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** We aim to please. What would you like me to do now?

**SANCREDA** Return to your dwelling and await my summons.<sup>46</sup> Once the ship has arrived and I have concluded my... personal business, you shall join me in my victory over this planet and its people.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Your brother has a surprise coming.

**SANCREDA** My brother will pay for abandoning me here. Eighteen thousand years of paralysis on this repellent planet. Eighteen thousand

years of pain and hatred. His death will be slow and terrible. Revenge will be sweet.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I know exactly how you feel.

**SANCREDA** Wait! The menantolian induction loop is missing!

**MRS MOYNIHAN** The what?

**SANCREDA** A component of the focusing amplifier. It has been removed.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Is it important?

**SANCREDA** If I am to assume manual operation of my ship, it is vital that I recover the induction loop!

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Well, what does it look like?

**SANCREDA** A small disc of menantol bisilicate, with a socket attaching to the focusing amplifier.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Well, that could be anywhere, couldn't it? I really don't see how we can - hold your horses though! The Doctor's friend Evelyn found a strange little stone with a hole in it, up at the fogou.

**SANCREDA** Where is this woman now?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I imagine she's at the Institute.

**SANCREDA** We must recover the induction loop at once!

#### **SCENE 51: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION**

**BRIGADIER** So Doctor, what now?

**DOCTOR** A rapid return to the Institute, I think. We need to collect Evelyn and the others. Wait a minute! Evelyn's stone!

**BRIGADIER** I beg your pardon?

**DOCTOR** You remember that pebble that saved Evelyn from the psionic attack? If that's part of his control mechanism we might still have a bargaining chip on our hands. We've got to get hold of it straight away.

**BRIGADIER** Right, Doctor. Back to the Institute, then. Keep me informed about the UFO, Captain.

**ASHFORDE** Wilco, sir. Good luck!

**DOCTOR** (*Urgently*) Come on, Brigadier!

#### **SCENE 52: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Have you recalibrated the master terminal yet?

**LUDGATE** Nearly done.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Time is running short.

**LUDGATE** All right, I said we'll be ready in time, okay? Sir Archibald...

**SIR ARCHIBALD** What is it now?

**LUDGATE** Is it really necessary to involve Evelyn in all this?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** I propose to make that woman suffer for her insolence. Don't tell me you're feeling sorry for her.

**LUDGATE** She's no part of this. She's just stumbled into it. She'll be under your power soon enough anyway, so why don't we just let her go?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Oh, and have her come straight back with the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary in full cry? Don't be a fool. You are soft, Ludgate. You'll be telling me next that she reminds you of your mother. Dr Smythe stays safely locked in the cellar until I am ready to receive her penance. Now get on with your work.

### SCENE 53: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

**BRIGADIER** Professor! Professor Morgan? Dr Smythe?  
**DOCTOR** Nobody here, Brigadier.  
**BRIGADIER** (*Taking up a piece of paper*) What's this? It's from Professor Morgan. "Lethbridge-Stewart: Evelyn has disappeared. No news at the pub. Have gone to search on the moor."  
**DOCTOR** What? The idiot! I told him nobody was to go up there.  
**BRIGADIER** Well, what should we do? Go after him?  
*Door opens.*  
**MORGAN** Ah, Doctor, Brigadier. There you are.  
**BRIGADIER** Professor! Are you all right, man?  
**MORGAN** Never better. There's a devil of a chill out there tonight, though. Doctor, I've been up to the dig.  
**DOCTOR** Yes, I know, we've just seen your note. I thought I expressly warned you -  
**MORGAN** All right all right, keep your hair on. Nothing happened, the whole place was deserted. But Doctor, the tumulus has been broken right open. There's a great gaping hole in the top of the mound. It's almost as though something had burst out from inside.  
**DOCTOR** That's exactly what has happened, and you can count yourself lucky that you didn't meet it. Now listen, from now on we must all stay right away from the moor. That's where his power is strongest. Brigadier, I want you to stay here and hold the fort.<sup>47</sup> Professor, I wonder if you'd mind driving over to Pengriffen Manor and warning Sir Archibald. You could ask him if he's seen Evelyn while you're at it. I wonder where she's got to. We must find that stone of hers.  
**MORGAN** Stone?  
**DOCTOR** Little pebble about so big, with a hole in the middle. Evelyn's got it in her handbag. It's vital that we get it under lock and key as soon as possible.  
**MORGAN** Righto, Doctor, I'll get up there straight away. And what about you?  
**DOCTOR** I'm going to see an old lady about a dog.  
**MORGAN** Do you mean Mrs Moynihan? I thought she was still in Greece.  
**DOCTOR** I wish she were, Professor, but right now I imagine she's holed up in her cottage.  
**BRIGADIER** I'd better come with you, Doctor.  
**DOCTOR** Thank you, Brigadier, but I need you to stay here in case Evelyn comes back. Don't worry, I'll be careful.

### SCENE 54: Int. GOONHILLY TRACKING STATION

*Background atmosphere as before. CAPTAIN ASHFORDE is on the telephone.*

**ASHFORDE** Very well, keep me up to speed on that. Over and out.  
*Phone down. Footsteps approaching.*  
**ASHFORDE** Yes, what is it, Corporal?  
**UNIT CORPORAL** Sir, something's started happening to our satellite links.  
**ASHFORDE** What sort of something?

**UNIT CORPORAL** We're losing contact with the geo-stationary satellites for this whole sector, sir. They just seem to be powering down in an expanding circle, with South-West England at the centre.

**ASHFORDE** When did this start?

**UNIT CORPORAL** A couple of minutes ago, sir. It seems to have slowed down now, but there's a blackout shadow the size of Australia up there.

**ASHFORDE** Right. You'd better get me the Ministry of Defence.

### **SCENE 55: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR**

*Entrance hall. We hear footsteps emerging from the hidden laboratory into the echoing hall.*

**LUDGATE** I tell you, I heard something.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You're getting jumpy in your old age, Ludgate. There's nothing here. Come on, let's get back to the laboratory.

**LUDGATE** It was like... a voice.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** It was probably your friend Dr Smythe talking to herself in the cellar. Ludgate, we don't have time for this nonsense.

*A sudden gust of wind; a door blows open. Silence.*

**LUDGATE** There! What was that?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Nothing. Just the wind.

**LUDGATE** Well, I'm going to look.

*We hear his footsteps going away across the hall.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Ludgate, that's enough!

**LUDGATE** *(Calling back from a distance)* Well, there doesn't seem to be anything out here. I'm just going to go and check the - *(Voice stops abruptly; silence)*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Come along, Ludgate, we're short of time as it is.

*Pause.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Ludgate?

*Pause. An imp chuckles.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Ludgate, is that you?

*Suddenly, a massive wind whips up and whirls down into one spot as SANCREDA is manifested in front of SIR ARCHIBALD.*

**SANCREDA** So! Can this etiolated weakling be the creature that has so tormented me?

**SIR ARCHIBALD** What - what are you?

**SANCREDA** I am Sancreda. He whose power you have sought to make your own.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** Greetings, Sancreda. I have looked forward to our meeting with eager anticipation.

**SANCREDA** But nevertheless I find you unprepared, do I not? You, who have presumed to draw energy from my psionic field! You, who believe it lies within your puny ambit to harness and drive me like some primitive pack animal! You, who have plotted to ensnare my power at the moment of my resurrection and make me your slave!

**SIR ARCHIBALD** You misunderstand me, Sancreda. I seek a partnership with you. Together you and I can rule the people of the world.

**SANCREDA** A partnership? Ha! I, enter into partnership with a cowering microbe to preside over the affairs of this trivial planet? Your petty ambitions are of no interest to me. Your drain on my psionic field

has already caused me pain, anger and delay. And now it is time for you to settle your account.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** What have I to account for? I am Sir Archibald Flint, thirteenth Baronet. I have only to flick a switch, and you will be my creature!

**SANCREDA** Flick a switch! How quaint. I have only to release a psionic pulse – (*a sudden explosion is heard from the laboratory*) – and you will find that your switches are no longer in any condition to perform their primitive mechanical function.

**SIR ARCHIBALD** (*Beginning to panic*) Wait! We can do some sort of deal.<sup>48</sup>

**SANCREDA** I do not speak of deals. I speak only of debts. And yours to me is long overdue!

*The ghostly tornado whips up again, filled with the cackling of imps and demons.*

**SIR ARCHIBALD** No! No! Noooo!

*We hear the dying screams of SIR ARCHIBALD and the manic laughter of SANCREDA.*

### **SCENE 56: Int. MRS MOYNIHAN'S COTTAGE**

*The living room of a quiet little cottage. A grandfather clock ticks. A door is surreptitiously opened.*

**DOCTOR** Anyone home? Hello?

*MRS MOYNIHAN's dogs begin barking madly. MRS MOYNIHAN's voice approaches from another room.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Buster! Ben! Quiet! Down! Buster! (*The dogs subside*)

Doctor! This is a pleasant surprise.

**DOCTOR** Holiday cut short, was it?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** (*Her 'jolly-hockey-sticks' manner evaporates*) You know, don't you?

**DOCTOR** Yes, I do. (*Gently*) Do you want to tell me about it?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** What is there to tell, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** I thought perhaps you might like to explain to me exactly why you're doing all this.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Why shouldn't I?

**DOCTOR** That's not a terribly good reason, is it?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** All my life I've been treated like dirt, Doctor. Deserted by people once they've got what they wanted. Buster and Ben are the only ones who've stayed with me (*addressing dogs with cooing indulgence*), aren't you? Aren't you, hey? Yes! (*To the DOCTOR*) And then Sancreda came to me.

**DOCTOR** Sancreda? That's his name, is it? So it's his *friendship* you're after?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Good golly, no. Friendship is a waste of effort.

**DOCTOR** I don't happen to think so myself.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I don't really care what you think.

**DOCTOR** So what is it you want?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Revenge, Doctor. It's a nasty word, I know, but there it is. They do say it's a dish best served cold, don't they? There are certain people who have treated me very badly in the past. Now I've been promised that I'll be allowed to give them their come-uppance. And I have to tell you I'm rather looking forward to it.

**DOCTOR** You're really a very unhappy person, aren't you?  
**MRS MOYNIHAN** I don't know what kind of doctor you are, but I can tell you I don't have any truck with all this namby-pamby modern therapy rubbish, so if I were you I'd just shut up and concentrate on this. *A scrape and a click as she picks up a heavy shotgun and aims it at him.*  
**DOCTOR** It's a back-action hammer Purdey twelve-bore.  
**MRS MOYNIHAN** So it is. Go on, out the door with you.  
**DOCTOR** Where are we going?  
**MRS MOYNIHAN** Back to the Institute, Doctor. We've an appointment to keep. Come on, boys! Walkies!

**SCENE 57: Int. PENGRIFFEN MANOR (CELLAR)**

*We hear MORGAN's voice very distantly - he is upstairs in the hallway, while we are locked in the cellar with EVELYN.*

**MORGAN** Hello? Anybody there? Hello?<sup>49</sup>  
**EVELYN** Professor Morgan? Oh, thank goodness. *(Calls)* Down here, Professor! I'm in the cellar! Can you unlock the door?  
**MORGAN** I think so - hold on!  
*A rattling of keys and bolts; the door opens and MORGAN's voice is clearer.*  
**EVELYN** Professor! I've never been so relieved to see anyone!  
**MORGAN** My God, Evelyn!  
**EVELYN** Look, I don't mean to seem an ungrateful damsel in distress, but are you just going to stand there, or are you going to untie me?  
**MORGAN** Of course, I'm sorry. Let's have a look.  
*MORGAN wrestles with EVELYN's bonds under the next few lines, so some sound effects and the occasional grunt might be in order.*  
**EVELYN** Have you seen the Doctor?  
**MORGAN** Yes, and he's very concerned about some stone you found, with a hole in it.  
**EVELYN** Oh, that thing again.  
**MORGAN** The Doctor says it's very important we get it to a place of safety. Have you got it?  
**EVELYN** Not here, no. It's on the windowsill in my bedroom at the Institute. Look, what's been going on? There was the most incredible racket from upstairs just now. I assume it was mad Sir Archibald trying out his latest bit of mumbo-jumbo.  
**MORGAN** Sir Archibald... you mean you haven't seen... *(He finishes untying her)* there, how's that?  
**EVELYN** A great relief, thank you very much. What haven't I seen?  
**MORGAN** Oh dear. You'd better come upstairs. It's not a pretty sight, I'm afraid.  
*They go upstairs and the cellar door creaks open. Atmospheric music as EVELYN surveys a scene of devastation. Shutters flap listlessly. The wind can be heard through broken windows.*  
**EVELYN** Well, whoever did this had no interest in historic architecture. It's been utterly devastated. Where's Sir Archibald?  
**MORGAN** He's just over there at the foot of the stairs. Well, most of him, anyway.  
**EVELYN** Oh... and... what about Philip?



**MORGAN** He's - in the hall. Look, come on, Evelyn, let's get out of here. The Doctor should be back at the Institute by now.  
**EVELYN** (*Deep breath*) Yes. Right. Come on.

**SCENE 58: Int. ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**

*The BRIGADIER is on the telephone.*

**BRIGADIER** Very well, Minister... Yes, Goonhilly are keeping me informed. Then we're agreed that for the time being there is to be no action whatsoever?... Yes, I appreciate your concerns, sir, but it's been made quite clear to us that the reprisals would be disastrous... Very well, Minister, I'll report back as soon as I can.  
*Phone down. The door opens, and MRS MOYNIHAN's dogs are heard in the background.*

**BRIGADIER** Ah, Doctor, there you are at last. Look, the Minister's getting trigger-happy, so I suggest you think of something to tell - what's going on?<sup>30</sup>

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Just stay where you are, Brigadier. It is loaded.

**BRIGADIER** You realise you are committing a number of very serious offences, Mrs Moynihan?

**DOCTOR** I'm afraid she's past caring about anything like that, aren't you?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** You can blabber away all you like, Doctor. We'll just wait here, nice and comfy.

**DOCTOR** What are we waiting for exactly?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** A rendezvous with a friend of mine.

*Door opens.*

**MORGAN** Ah, Doctor, Brigadier. Here we all are, safe and sound.

**EVELYN** Doctor!

**DOCTOR** Evelyn! Thank goodness you're safe. Where on Earth have you been?

**EVELYN** It's a long story, Doctor, but I'm glad to be back.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Just move away from him and get over by the wall, Dr Smythe.

**EVELYN** I beg your pardon? What are you waving that gun about for?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I'm afraid you're a little behind the times, dear. You see, the worm has turned. The tea-lady is in charge now.

**DOCTOR** Oh, I doubt that very much.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** I've made a bargain, Doctor. Sancreda is my ally. My business partner, if you like. I've helped him, and he's helping me.

**DOCTOR** Now he's on the loose, do you really think Sancreda is going to think twice about you?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Why shouldn't he? We made a deal.

**DOCTOR** Rather a one-sided one by the sound of it. I rather suspect you've bitten off more than you can chew.

**MORGAN** I'm afraid the Doctor's right, Mrs Moynihan.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** You can pipe down, Professor. I've had more than enough of your dismissive attitude to me already, without having to listen to your opinions now.<sup>31</sup>

**MORGAN** Oh, but I think you should. As opinions go, mine is a highly informed one.

**MRS MOYNIHAN** What are you blethering about now?<sup>52</sup>

**DOCTOR** I think you'd better move away from the Professor, Mrs Moynihan.

*Low underscoring begins.*

**EVELYN** Doctor, what's happening?

**BRIGADIER** Professor Morgan!

**MORGAN** Professor Morgan is up at the dig. He's been there for several hours now. He really should have heeded the Doctor's warning, I'm afraid. Poor Professor Morgan. He put up quite a fight in the end, you know (*his voice gradually transforms into SANCREDA's guttural alien tones*), but once he had vacated his body I was able to make good use of the physiological imprint!

**DOCTOR** I was wondering when we'd finally meet.

**SANCREDA** Yes, Doctor. Now you see me as I truly am.

**DOCTOR** Very nice. So, your ship's close enough to have assisted cellular reintegration, eh?<sup>53</sup>

**SANCREDA** You, Doctor! How can you know so much about my people? You, who exist in this irrelevant backwater of galactic space?

**DOCTOR** Oh, you'd be surprised, Sancreda. Cornwall's a popular place for tourists.

**EVELYN** You rescued me from the cellar! So - it was you who -

**SANCREDA** Yes, it was I who crushed those presumptuous insects at the Manor house. How else am I to reward those who seek to enslave me? And you, Dr Smythe, you were only spared in order that you might lead me to the menantolian induction loop!

**EVELYN** The... the what?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** The stone you found in the fogou, dear. Go and fetch it for him.

**EVELYN** I don't know where it is.

**SANCREDA** A pointless lie! You told me it was in this very building. Now bring it to me, or die!

**DOCTOR** You'd better go and get it, Evelyn. Go on. No tricks.

**EVELYN** Yes, Doctor.

*The inner door opens, and we hear EVELYN's footsteps going upstairs.*

**DOCTOR** All right, Sancreda, you've got everything you wanted. You've regenerated yourself, your ship is on its way to pick you up, and we'll hand over the induction loop. Now, why don't you just go in peace?

**SANCREDA** Ha! You know nothing of my wishes, Doctor. Nothing! The first of them is that this futile, tiny-minded servitor be made to pay for her intolerable impertunity!

**MRS MOYNIHAN** What are you talking about?

**DOCTOR** Oh, leave her alone, Sancreda. She's just a sad old woman. What possible reason can you have to harm her?

**SANCREDA** Silence! Who are you, that I should give you reasons? This insufferable primitive has told me often enough how these two cringing brutes are her only friends. Let us see, then, how they respond to a little empathic suggestion!

*The dogs begin to growl and bark.*

**MRS MOYNIHAN** What are you doing? Buster, what's wrong? Ben! Get down, boy! Down!

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, what's he doing?

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Ben! Ben! Stop it! Whatever you're doing, stop it! Buster! Down!

*The dogs' snarling grows more and more vicious, and MRS MOYNIHAN's ad-lib cries more desperate, until, with a sickening snap, her cries stop abruptly. We hear the dogs eating greedily.*

**SANCREDA** After eighteen thousand years, patience is a quality I possess in abundance. But that feckless woman tried it sorely.<sup>54</sup>

**DOCTOR** That's enough, Sancreda. There's no need for this heartless carnage.

**SANCREDA** I am swatting at flies, Doctor, nothing more. What do I care for this planet and its pathetic fauna? Soon my ship will be here.

**BRIGADIER** And then you'll go?

**SANCREDA** Yes, I shall go. But not before there has been a final reckoning.

*Door opens.*

**EVELYN** Here's your induction thing - oh!

**BRIGADIER** Don't lock, Dr Smythe.

**SANCREDA** The induction loop!

*A scrape, a click and an electronic hum as the induction loop is installed.*

**SANCREDA** The function is unimpaired. Excellent! Now come, all of you. We must go to the moor. I have an appointment with my brother. Now move - or die!

#### **SCENE 59: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*Night. Wind on the moor. We hear some sort of alien computer key-pad as SANCREDA makes calculations.*

**SANCREDA** The ship approaches. We shall not have long to wait.

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, what do you suppose he meant about a final reckoning?

**SANCREDA** It is no secret. Eighteen thousand years ago I was deserted on this planet by the pilot of my survey vessel. My brother, Scryfan, left me to my fate. For eighteen thousand years I have waited for this moment. And now, at long last, it approaches.

**EVELYN** So when your ship arrives, it'll have your brother in it?

**DOCTOR** The other half of the two-man crew. And what are you going to do with him?

**SANCREDA** He will die, Doctor. Very slowly.

**DOCTOR** I see. Won't that make it rather difficult for you to escape?

**SANCREDA** The vessel is very easily piloted solo, Doctor. As indeed it has been for the last eighteen millennia.

**DOCTOR** So that's what all this boils down to, is it? A petty spot of sibling rivalry?

**SANCREDA** Petty, Doctor? You call eighteen thousand years of cold, helpless exile petty?

**DOCTOR** Doesn't it occur to you as rather strange that he hasn't come back to rescue you before now?

**SANCREDA** Scryfan is no fool, Doctor. He will know what I am thinking.

**BRIGADIER** Then why's he coming back at all?

**SANCREDA** He has no choice. Deprived of the focusing amplifier I was

powerless to act, but once it was returned to me I was able to transmit an imperative recall signal direct to the ship itself. (*Suddenly*) Silence! Listen! He is coming. Scryfan is coming!

*We hear the approaching sound of a spaceship coming in to land. The volume grows in intensity.*

**BRIGADIER** (*Shouting over the noise*) Shouldn't we take cover, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** (*Likewise*) I don't think so - it's coming in for a smooth landing!

*We hear the spaceship land.*

**EVELYN** Well, well. My first spaceship.

**BRIGADIER** My first for a good few years, Dr Smythe.

*A ramp hums down. We hear SANCREDA's voice receding as he gallops to the ship and up the ramp.*

**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Scryfan! It is I, Sancreda! Come out and show yourself!

**EVELYN** What should we do, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Follow him on board, of course. I expect the ceilings will be rather low in there, so mind your heads.

**BRIGADIER** Doctor, one of these creatures is bad enough. I don't particularly relish the prospect of meeting another. Why don't we just leave them to it?

**DOCTOR** I think you'll find our friend is in for a surprise, Brigadier. Come on.

#### **SCENE 60: Int. TREGANNAN SPACE SHIP.**

*Spaceship interior effects. Not necessarily bleeping computers, but strange alien sounds that are emanating from bizarre stone machinery.*

**SANCREDA** Scryfan? Scryfan, you cannot hide from me! Where are you?

**DOCTOR** (*Voice approaches from doorway*) He's not here, Sancreda, can't you see? The ship is empty. You landed it by remote control, didn't you?

**SANCREDA** I do not understand. Where is my brother?

**DOCTOR** Exactly where he's been all along, I'm afraid. What little remains of him is neatly arranged in a cardboard tray back at the Archaeological Institute.

**BRIGADIER** You mean those fragments of animal bone you were looking at?

**DOCTOR** I knew they weren't terrestrial the moment I saw them.

**EVELYN** Then his brother died here on Earth? All those years ago?

**DOCTOR** Without a doubt.

**SANCREDA** It is not true! How can he have died here?

**DOCTOR** Difficult to tell after all this time, but judging by the charring I'd say he was shot by a heavy-impulse laser.

**SANCREDA** How can that be? Unless...

**DOCTOR** Was your ship set to take off on automatic recall, Sancreda?

**SANCREDA** It was. I was collecting geological samples some distance from the vessel. But the atmospheric conditions were worsening. This planet was far colder at that time. I was fighting off primitive carnivores with my blaster...

And we cross-fade into a flashback from Scene 1...

## SCENE 61: FLASHBACK

**COMPUTER** ...seven, six, five, four...<sup>55</sup>

*We hear SANCREDA's hoarse, panting breath, together with more wolves and gunfire.*

**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Do not leave! Do not abandon me!

**COMPUTER** ...three, two, one...

*Engines firing for lift-off.*

**COMPUTER** ...ignition.

**SANCREDA** Scryfan! Scryfan, you have deserted me!

*Spaceship taking off. We hear SCRYFAN's laboured voice faintly but clearly through the snowstorm from SANCREDA's P.O.V.*

**SCRYFAN** Farewell, my brother.

*Cross-fade back into:*

## SCENE 62: Int. TREGANNAN SPACESHIP

**DOCTOR** Don't you see what happened? In your rush to get back to your ship through the blizzard...

**BRIGADIER** ...you shot him yourself.

**DOCTOR** He wasn't taking off in the ship – he was keeling over in the snow.

**SANCREDA** No! No, it cannot be. You are deceived!

**DOCTOR** You're the only one who's deceived, Sancreda. You've spent eighteen thousand years meditating on a pointless revenge. You killed him yourself.

**SANCREDA** Very well then, Doctor. So be it. But my revenge will not be empty. My revenge will be on the planet that has been my prison for so long.

**DOCTOR** That's ridiculous. Now you're just lashing out at innocent bystanders.

**SANCREDA** Am I, Doctor? Perhaps I am. It is no matter. I shall lift off on manual control and blast this planet from space with the psionic cannon.

**DOCTOR** For pity's sake, Sancreda, what will be the good of that?

**SANCREDA** Leave me!

**EVELYN** It's no use trying to reason with him. His mind's gone completely.

**BRIGADIER** How much damage could this ship do, Doctor?

**DOCTOR** It draws its energy from the Tregannan gestalt. He can vaporize the Earth if he wants to.

*We hear the ship powering up for flight; the background sound builds over the remainder of the scene, adding to the sense of urgency.*

**SANCREDA** Thrust chambers cleared for ignition... countdown procedure activated. Leave me, all of you! Leave the ship!

**DOCTOR** I can't allow you to do this, Sancreda.

**SANCREDA** Navigation systems cleared and ready. You cannot prevent me, Doctor. Now, I will give you a choice. Am I going to kill you here and now, or are you going to leave the ship and die with your planet?

**DOCTOR** It's not my planet, Sancreda, so maybe I'll call your bluff.

You can't unleash psionic pulses in a confined environment like this, not while the ship's preparing for lift-off. Far too risky.

**SANCREDA** Correct, Doctor, so if you have no objections I shall be happy to resort to my hand-blaster.

*A click as SANCREDA unclips his gun.*

**DOCTOR** Evelyn! Brigadier! Get out of here! Come on, jump!  
*Zap! Pow! Several shots from the blaster gun.*

### **SCENE 63: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*The moor is dominated by the exterior effects of the ship preparing for take-off. In the foreground we can hear the thumping, running footsteps of the DOCTOR and EVELYN, both breathless.*

**DOCTOR** Don't stop running! Take cover. You all right?<sup>56</sup>

**EVELYN** I'm all right - what about the Brigadier?

**DOCTOR** He's still in there?

**EVELYN** Brigadier!

### **SCENE 64: Int. TREGANNAN SPACESHIP**

*A blast from SANCREDA's gun ricochets off a wall.*

**BRIGADIER** You'll have to do better than that, Sancreda!

**SANCREDA** You barbarian fool! You are merely delaying the inevitable. Come out and face me!

**BRIGADIER** I've got a better idea. Why don't you come and face me?

**SANCREDA** Very well, if that is how you choose to die, it will be my pleasure.

*A moment of suspense, followed by another shot and ricochet. Then we hear the grunts and exertion of a physical struggle, culminating in a roar as SANCREDA throws the BRIGADIER off.*

**BRIGADIER** I'll say this for you, Sancreda. For a little chap you pack a big punch. As, I'm quite sure, does this!

**SANCREDA** (*Urgent - near panic*) Do not attempt to operate my blaster, you imbecile! You will be unable to channel the psionic impulse. The energy release would be enough to destroy the entire ship!

**BRIGADIER** If it comes to a choice between the whole world, or just you, me and this ship, Sancreda, I'm very clear where my duty lies.

### **SCENE 65: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*Similar background effects to Scene 63, except that the DOCTOR and EVELYN are no longer running and have taken cover. The spaceship's ramp hums upwards.*

**EVELYN** Doctor! The ramp's closing!

**DOCTOR** Just hold tight, Evelyn. (*Quietly*) Come on, Alistair, what are you playing at?

### **SCENE 66: Int. TREGANNAN SPACESHIP**

**SANCREDA** You half-witted savage, do not fire the blaster!

**BRIGADIER** I have no intention of doing so, Sancreda, just so long as you lower the ramp and let me off your ship.

**SANCREDA** I could destroy you with a single thought.  
**BRIGADIER** I have no doubt you could, but would you be quick enough to stop me firing this weapon in my death-throes? Now lower the ramp!  
**SANCREDA** Very well. Why should I not? In less than a minute you and all your kind will be vaporised from space.  
*We hear the ramp lowering.*  
**SANCREDA** Go, then. Begone, and enjoy your final moments of existence.  
**BRIGADIER** Cheerio!  
**SANCREDA** Ignition in T minus twenty seconds and counting.

**SCENE 67: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

*The external engine noise of the spaceship is rising in pitch and volume.*

**EVELYN** Wait! There he is! He's out!  
**BRIGADIER** (*Distant*) Doctor?  
**DOCTOR** Brigadier! Over here!  
*The ship takes off as the BRIGADIER runs for cover and we hear him join the others, panting. The ship streaks away into the sky.<sup>57</sup>*  
**EVELYN** He's getting away! Doctor, what can we do?  
**BRIGADIER** Count to ten.  
**EVELYN** What?

**SCENE 68: Int. TREGANNAN SPACESHIP**

*We hear switches and buttons being operated.*

**SANCREDA** Clear of ionosphere. Target in range. Focal length fixed and locked off. And... fire! Goodbye, Doctor!  
*A sudden, frantic bleeping.*  
**SANCREDA** Malfunction?

**SCENE 69: Ext. LANYON MOOR**

**BRIGADIER** Eight... nine... ten.  
*A tiny, very distant explosion.*  
**DOCTOR** Did you see that?  
**EVELYN** I think so.  
**DOCTOR** Well, Brigadier?  
**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor. Unless I'm very much mistaken, Sancreda's just blown his ship and himself to kingdom come.  
**EVELYN** How can you be so sure?  
**BRIGADIER** Because I've got this.  
**DOCTOR** His focusing amplifier!  
**BRIGADIER** Thought it might do the trick. In my little tussle with Sancreda I swapped it for your coil of copper wire, Doctor. He was so beside himself by then that I'm afraid he didn't notice.  
**EVELYN** So what happened?  
**DOCTOR** Without a directional focus, the power of the psionic cannon had nowhere to go. It just discharged itself on the spot. Very dangerous to meddle with Tregannan technology, you know, Brigadier. You do realise you've just saved the world, don't you?  
**BRIGADIER** All in a day's work, Doctor.

**DOCTOR** Here you are, then, you'd better take charge of this.

**BRIGADIER** Why?

**DOCTOR** Well, I expect the Athens Central Museum will be wanting it back, won't they?

**BRIGADIER** Isn't that a rather dangerous thing to have sitting in a museum?

**DOCTOR** Not now that Sancreda is dead. These things are like driving licences.

**BRIGADIER** Eh?

**DOCTOR** Non-transferable.

**BRIGADIER** Ah. Well, why not? Doris and I have been meaning to go to Greece for years.

**DOCTOR** I must meet this Doris of yours, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Well, next time you're passing this way... incidentally, that reminds me. Where did the TARDIS disappear to?

**EVELYN** I beg your pardon? Disappeared?

**DOCTOR** Don't worry, Evelyn. If I'm right, then any moment now... *The TARDIS materialises.*

**BRIGADIER** Bless my soul.

**DOCTOR** She was here all along. It was Sancreda's psionic field that drew us to Lanyon Moor in the first place. Once the TARDIS realised the danger, she shifted herself onto a different existential plane before Sancreda could start tampering with her.

**BRIGADIER** I see. I think.

**DOCTOR** She's a clever old thing, the TARDIS.

**BRIGADIER** Well, Doctor, trouble clearly hasn't stopped following you around.

**DOCTOR** Nor you, it seems, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER** Ah, no, I'm not having that. I'm retired. I refuse to take any of the blame. At my time of life, trouble should be confined to the occasional spot of blackfly on the nasturtiums. All the same...

**DOCTOR** Yes?

**BRIGADIER** It's nice to know we still make a good team, Doctor.

**EVELYN** So you two go back a long way, do you?

**BRIGADIER** Farther back than I sometimes care to remember, Dr Smythe.

**DOCTOR** You wouldn't believe it, but when I first met Alistair, he still had dark hair.

**BRIGADIER** So did you, Doctor, from time to time.

**EVELYN** Well, this is all very cosy, but can I suggest that there are better places than here to catch up on old times?

**DOCTOR** What do you mean?

**EVELYN** Doctor, I've had a fairly difficult couple of days. It's coming up to midnight, I'm exhausted, it's freezing cold, and I'm starving hungry. So why don't we ask the Brigadier very politely whether he might be able to use his influence at the pub to wangle us a late supper?

**BRIGADIER** It would be my pleasure, Dr Smythe. Doctor?

**DOCTOR** Why not?

**BRIGADIER** That's settled then.

**DOCTOR** Lead the way, Brigadier.

**EVELYN** Now, this pub. What's the situation on the chocolate puddings front?



**BRIGADIER** I don't have much of a sweet tooth, Dr Smythe. I have to confess I'm more of a soup man.  
**DOCTOR** I suppose I am beginning to feel a trifle peckish.

## NOTES

**N.B.** Uncredited roles include: Scryfan (played by Barnaby Edwards), Sancreda and UNTT Sentry (both Toby Longworth). Added dialogue before the beginning of Part One - ANNOUNCER: '**And now, a new four-part adventure starring Colin Baker in Doctor Who.**' The ANNOUNCER is played by Nicholas Briggs.

### PART ONE

1. Line changed to: 'No. **No**, do not leave me. ~~No~~. Nooooooooooooo!'
2. Line changed to: 'Oh, yes, terrific. **The ideal place for you to recover from your cold.** It's wet, it's foggy and it definitely isn't the Galapagos Islands.'  
*Nicholas Pegg (writer/director): 'On the first day of recording, poor Colin Baker arrived at the studio nursing a very nasty cold. His voice sounded fine, but of course we had no way of knowing whether it would degenerate over the two days that lay ahead. So I added a line to the opening scene about the Doctor having a cold, just in case the problem became increasingly audible. In the event Colin didn't lose his voice and made a speedy recovery, thank goodness. Incidentally, it was Gary Russell's request that I should include a line about Evelyn wanting to visit the Galapagos Islands, in anticipation of Bloodtide, Jonathan Morris's Silurian story, which I think had just been commissioned.'*
3. Line changed to: 'There you are - a pheasant.'
4. 'Yes,' said twice.
5. Line changed to: 'Well, good day! Buster, **stop** that. Ben! Goodbye.'  
*Nicholas Pegg: 'Mrs Moynihan's jolly demeanour was partly based on the great comic actress Joyce Grenfell, who was famous for playing all those gawky schoolmistresses in things like the St Trinian's films. She was also renowned for a series of comic monologues in which she addressed a class of nursery-school children, invariably culminating in the catchphrase "George - don't do that!" Susan Jameson picked up the reference straight away and had a whale of a time incorporating various Grenfell-isms into her characterisation, but when we reached the line "Buster - don't do that", Sue's delivery was so spot-on and so funny that I actually got cold feet and decided the reference was too blatant. I didn't want to run the risk of making the character look like nothing more than a send-up at this early stage in the play, so we changed the line to "Stop that" and left it to Evelyn to make the reference explicit.'*
6. Added dialogue - DOCTOR: '**Bye.**'
7. 'Yes,' said twice.
8. Line changed to: 'Well, no, as a matter of fact I was wondering whether **or not** you might be able to lend me a hand with some classification work until Mr Ludgate gets back.'
9. Line changed to: '**Good** morning, gentlemen.'
10. Line changed to: 'Yes, we've met. ~~Good~~ morning, Brigadier.'
11. Line changed to: '~~Good~~ morning, sir.'
12. Line changed to: 'Have a seat, if you can find one **amongst** all the wreckage. To what do we owe this honour?'
13. Line changed to: 'He means these electrical discharges the boy keeps picking up on his ground survey, Brigadier. **No**, I'm afraid you've come at the wrong time, Sir Archibald.'
14. Line changed to: '**Thank you.** Hello, everyone! I can smell coffee.'
15. Line changed to:

**MORGAN**

Ah, the voice of sanity. Thank you, Mrs Moynihan.

I'm going to have mine on the terrace...

**MRS MOYNIHAN** Righto.

**MORGAN**

...while this sun's still shining. Bring it out to me

there, will you?

16. Line changed to: 'The taxi will be here any minute, so if I don't see you again before I go – **bye!**'

17. Line changed to: 'Actually, if you're quick you could catch a lift in Mrs Moynihan's taxi. (*Calls*) Mrs **M!**'

18. Line changed to: 'Oh well, I'll find **them.**'

19. The poem quoted by the DOCTOR is *The Fairies* by William Allingham (1824-1889). *Nicholas Pegg: 'It's a wonderfully spooky little verse, and it more or less made William Allingham's literary reputation. As you can see from his dates, it's not a particularly ancient poem – it was published in 1850, although it was based on a traditional Scottish verse which is far older – and that made it ideal for my purposes, as it's a perfect example of the Victorian romanticism that the Brigadier is talking about in that scene. Allingham's friends included several of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of artists, people like Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John Everett Millais, who provided illustrations for some of his collections of poetry. The Pre-Raphaelites were at the centre of the Victorians' vast appetite for medievalism, mysticism and folklore. Many of their paintings took themes lifted from Arthurian legends or ancient fairytales. Allingham's poetry did the same thing, pointing backwards to a time of supposed purity and oneness with nature, but also a time of dark deeds and mysterious supernatural creatures.'*

*'Allingham's circle of friends included other eminent figures like Thomas Carlyle and Alfred, Lord Tennyson. In fact, I dropped a Tennyson quotation into The Spectre of Lanyon Moor as well. It's from In Memoriam, which is a long and troubled poem inspired by the death of one of Tennyson's close friends at a very young age. It's a meditation on eternal change and immortality, and I thought it appropriate that Sir Archibald should quote it, as he reminisces about a lost boyhood playmate a few lines later. But I'm going to be a rotter and let you find the actual quotation yourself! Oh, and come to think of it, there's also a line from To His Coy Mistress by Andrew Marvell in the first episode. I like a bit of poetry, you know...'*

20. Line changed to: 'That's it. No, **no**, higher up. Now, keep it steady while I wind it round this. **Here we go.**' *Nicholas Pegg: 'I reworked the climax of Part One at a very late stage in the scripting. Among the changes was the last-minute addition of the short scene in Sir Archibald's laboratory. This explains why it's called Scene 14A – to save re-numbering all the subsequent scenes – and also why the stage direction refers to a later scene rather than describing the effects in any detail.'*

## PART TWO

21. Line changed to: 'I'll take your word for **that**, Doctor.'

22. Line changed to: 'Do I gather **that** Dr Smythe was protected from this creature by another piece of alien rock, Doctor?'

23. Line changed to: 'Fancy and flummery, **it's all** whipped up to get a bit of publicity.'

24. Line changed to: 'Come along, Professor, Mr Ludgate, let's leave Dr Smythe in peace, **shall we.**'

25. Line changed to: '**No**, I don't think so. Arrogance is a kind of foolishness, and believe me, the Doctor is no fool.'

26. Line changed to: 'Have a quick snoop around, be back **here** before lunch.'

27. Line changed to: 'I can see **now** why they wanted to get rid of the hereditary peers.'

## PART THREE

28. Line changed to: 'Scryfan! Scryfan, you have deserted me! **No!** Do not leave me!'

29. Line changed to: 'Doctor? (Slaps face) Doctor, **Doctor**, wake up. Doctor, can you hear me?'

30. Line changed to: 'Um... right. Yes, **yes**, of course, **um**. If I can find the telephone in all this – ah here we are.'

31. Line changed to: 'Well, I'm glad you're feeling better, Doctor, but what Sir Archibald is going to say about **the devastation here** I cannot imagine.'

32. Line changed to: 'Have you got **the** readings.'

33. The DOCTOR's mumbles include, 'Two, three, six...'

34. Line changed to: 'I think it's a Tregannan. **A planet-hopping colonist from the Spurgian system. For a race of three-foot high trolls, they're a** particularly vicious bunch, I'm afraid.' *Nicholas Pegg: 'Colin wanted to describe the Tregannans in a little more detail, so we augmented this line in the studio. There was a certain amount of good-humoured disagreement over how to pronounce "Spurgian", before Colin eventually said, "Look, I'm the Doctor and I know how to pronounce it, thank you very much!" When we went for the take he promptly came out with an even sillier pronunciation than those we'd already mooted. Everyone kept a straight face, so I left it in.'*

35. Line changed to: 'Well, I doubt **it's** actually got her hypnotised.'

36. 'Right,' added at the beginning of the line.

37. Added dialogue – MRS MOYNIHAN: '**Oh, really.**'

38. Line changed to: 'Oh, yes, **they** are fascinating, really they are. Let's see, what do we have here?'

39. Line changed to: '~~Well~~, how much longer is it going to take?'

40. Line changed to: 'The desk it's on is three hundred miles away and ~~has~~ someone else's feet **are** under it, so I'm afraid the security clearances take a little longer.' *Nicholas Pegg: 'One of the logistical problems I created for myself when plotting the story was how to give Mrs Moynihan sufficient time to get back to Cornwall after stealing the relic from Athens. I duly examined time differences and airline timetables, so I can hold my head up and confidently say that it all works out. But the line about the Brigadier's diminished status at UNIT was certainly very helpful in giving me a couple of hours' extra leeway...'*

41. Line changed to: 'Well, ~~are~~ you coming?'

42. Line changed to: 'And my orders are that nobody is allowed past here, and I'm sorry but that **does include** you.'

43. Line changed to: '**What?** What the ~~hell~~ – ' *Nicholas Pegg: 'I know there are all sorts of heated debates about the thorny question of bad language in Doctor Who, but on this occasion the simple fact was that, prudery aside, the "hell" just sounded ridiculously out of place in the studio. So I cut it.'*

44. Line changed to: 'And you say the creature gets its power from **the** spaceship?'

45. Line changed to: 'Oh, the wine cellar, **is it this time?**'

## PART FOUR

46. Added dialogue – MRS MOYNIHAN: '**Right.**'

47. Added dialogue – BRIGADIER: '**Right.**'

48. Line changed to: '(Beginning to panic) Wait! **Wait!** We can do some sort of a deal.'

49. Line changed to: 'Hello? Anybody **here?** Hello.'

50. Line changed to: 'Look, the Minister's getting trigger-happy, so I suggest you think of something to **tell** – what's going on?' *Nicholas Pegg: 'Colin Baker enjoyed himself during the Brigadier's phone call at the beginning of this scene. During the rehearsal reading, he put on a silly high-pitched voice and filled in everything the Minister*

was saying at the other end of the line. He'd squeak: "Are Goonhilly keeping you informed?" to which Nick Courtney, admirably deadpan, responded, "Yes, Goonhilly are keeping me informed," and so on: "I hope you appreciate my concerns!"/"Yes, I appreciate your concerns..." It was very funny indeed – but not quite what I was after.'

51. Line changed to: 'I've had more than enough of your dismissive attitude to me ~~already~~, without having to listen to your opinions now.'

52. Line changed to: 'What are you blethering about ~~now~~?'

53. This line was altered to:

**DOCTOR** Very nice.

**EVELYN** **Doctor, it's the creature that attacked me.**

**DOCTOR** (To **EVELYN**) **Not quite. This is the genuine article, I'm afraid.** (To **SANCREDA**) So, your ship's close enough to have assisted cellular reintegration, eh?

Nicholas Pegg: 'Ah yes, here we see a textbook example of the last-minute "clarity of exposition" rewrite. Let's ram home the salient points one more time in case anyone has fallen asleep at the back!'

54. Line changed to: 'But **this** feckless woman tried it sorely.'

55. The countdown begins at, 'Nine'.

56. Line changed to: 'Don't stop running! **We'll** take cover **down there**. You all right?'

57. Added dialogue – **DOCTOR**: '**You had us worried there, Alistair.**'  
Nicholas Pegg: 'This was another tweak to boost the clarity of the situation – in this case to make it obvious that the Brigadier has taken cover with the Doctor and Evelyn. It also gave the Doctor another little moment of compassion, which is a nice bonus. I very much enjoyed writing these last scenes. Incidentally, the Brigadier's line at the end about being "a soup man" was a little joke for Nick Courtney's benefit. He adores soup, and was very pleased to be able to establish that the Brigadier does too.'

# FOR FEAR OF LITTLE MEN

By Nicholas Pegg

## PART ONE

Prologue (pre-credits?): On an inhospitable world of snow and ice, two aliens are conducting a planetary survey. They are brothers, and communicate by psychic power fuelled by cyber-surgical implants. The pilot is outside the ship and the leader, Sancreda, is a mile away in the snowy wastes. A blizzard is blowing up, and the pilot telepathically warns Sancreda that he must return to the ship for take-off. Power is low and they must get back to the mother ship immediately, before the storm worsens.

Racing through the blizzard towards the landing site, Sancreda uses his blaster to fight off wolves. But he is too late: as he reaches the ship it takes off, leaving him stranded on the primitive planet. He hears a psychic message: 'Farewell, my brother.' As the ship leaves the planet's atmosphere, taking its psionic power-source with it, Sancreda's life-force fades away...

Cornwall. Late autumn. The (Tom Baker era's) present day. The TARDIS materialises on a remote, misty moor. The Doctor says this wasn't the expected destination - something is interfering with the TARDIS. He and Sarah explore the landscape, finding an underground chamber identified by the Doctor as a fogou (an Iron Age feature unique to West Cornwall, as he will explain). They are assailed by a strange psychic attack within the fogou, and Sarah sees a vision of what seem to be malevolent imps or pixies.

A young archaeologist, Dr Ludgate, comes to the rescue and drags them clear. He explains that there's been a lot of this sort of thing going on recently. Ludgate takes them to a high-tech archaeological research Institute on the moors near Pengriffen Manor, an impressive country house owned by the elderly aristocrat Sir Archibald Flint. The Doctor and Sarah are introduced to the head of the archaeological survey, Professor Morgan, together with his eccentric colleague Dr Leamington-Smith, and finally their housekeeper, an elderly, upper-crust lady called Imogen who lives locally, is accompanied everywhere by two yapping terriers, and is about to depart for a holiday in Athens.

The Institute has been established by UNIT, and has been monitoring low but inexplicable levels of radiation and electrical activity at several of the area's ancient sites, including stone circles and burial mounds. Attempts to survey and excavate the fogou and a nearby Neolithic tomb have been frustrated by bizarre accidents.

UNIT's interest in the area stems from the fact that a military radar station established on the moor during World War II experienced similar disasters and had to be abandoned; the whole affair was subject to a government cover-up.

Sarah goes to Pengriffen Manor to meet Sir Archibald, and sets to work researching the history of the area in the Manor's library. Meanwhile the Doctor and Leamington-Smith visit the tumulus which is the focal point of the excavation site. The Doctor is also curious to explore the fogou, which during previous excavations has yielded only shards of pottery and a few fragments of animal bone.

As Sarah finishes her research and leaves to tell the Doctor of her findings, Sir Archibald retreats into a secret laboratory, where he tells an unknown accomplice that 'The girl could be a problem...'

Sarah, walking back to the Institute across the darkening moor, meets a young backpacker who is holidaying in Cornwall to walk the coastal path. They walk together.

At the dig, the Doctor undergoes a terrifying psychic assault. Simultaneously Sarah and the backpacker are attacked on the moors by a monstrous army of chuckling imps. The backpacker is torn apart, and then the creatures turn to Sarah...

## PART TWO

The Doctor uses his sonic screwdriver to 'earth' the psychic energy, and simultaneously the imps melt away just as they are closing in on Sarah.

Back at the Institute, a shaken Sarah reveals the results of her research: the area has a long history of ghoulish folklore, strange apparitions and violent, unexplained incidents. In particular the moors are believed to be haunted by 'little people'.

The Doctor postulates that the nature of the apparitions is alien, and that a physical manifestation of psionic energy - in the form of the imps - could explain the horrific death of the hiker.

The Doctor returns to the moor to fetch equipment from the TARDIS which will allow him to analyse and trace the source of the alien energy. But he finds that the TARDIS has disappeared.

Meanwhile, convinced that the answers to the mystery lie at Pengriffen Manor, Sarah absconds from her sickbed and makes her way there with Ludgate, who has agreed to help. She breaks in and explores the house, but having found the secret laboratory she is separated from Ludgate and apprehended by Sir Archibald Flint.

Back at the Institute, the Doctor explains to Morgan and Leamington-Smith that even without the components from the TARDIS he can still construct a device that will trace the alien energy, albeit an inferior lash-up which will require his own mental powers to control its operation. Leamington-Smith is concerned that this will be hazardous; the Doctor agrees, but insists that the risk is necessary - if his theories are correct, the whole world is in danger.

At the Manor, Flint explains to Sarah that he has been studying the psychic emanations for years. He is an occultist and now plans to harness the local psychic power in the belief that he will become a super-being, able to create and destroy by willpower alone. Sarah has seen too much, so he intends to use her as an experimental subject. Using his laboratory apparatus to focus his will, he will use telekinetic power firstly to burn out her eyes. Sarah is strapped to a couch and the experiment is prepared.

The Doctor connects himself to his improvised lash-up and operates it. While the apparatus detects the source of the energy, the Doctor experiences the rage and pain of Sancreda's thousands of years of imprisonment. As all hell breaks loose around him (windows smashing etc.), Leamington-Smith can't rouse the Doctor from his catatonic state.

In the secret laboratory, Sarah quakes helplessly as Flint begins his experiment.

## PART THREE

The psychic energy unleashed by the Doctor's equipment interferes with Flint's, and both overload and explode. Sarah, unharmed, is locked up while Flint carries out repairs.

At the Institute, to Leamington-Smith's relief, the Doctor snaps out of his trance (and, Tom Baker-style, says something eccentric about tea and/or Chekhov!).

As expected, the Doctor's device has fixed the source of the psionic field as the tumulus at the dig. He tells Leamington-Smith that the creature which lies dormant inside has been 'haunting' the region for centuries, roused from its sleep whenever the ground has been disturbed. He suggests that the fogou, which was constructed thousands of years later than the tumulus, was built as a refuge from its baleful power. Now the alien is gathering strength by sending out psychic 'tentacles', and may soon be powerful enough to break loose.

Curiously, the Doctor's device has also detected a secondary psionic field operating in the Eastern Mediterranean; Athens, to be precise. The Doctor realises that Imogen, the housekeeper, must already be under the alien's control, and has been sent to Athens to recover the focusing amplifier which, once it is returned to the alien, will enable it to channel its psionic energy over far greater distances. He is right; the focusing amplifier, an unremarkable-looking piece of metal, was taken from Cornwall by a Celtic tin merchant in the first century BC (the Celts traded with Mediterranean civilisations). During the intervening centuries it has found its way to Athens, where it is now an inconspicuous exhibit in one of the city's museums.

In Athens, Imogen steals the relic from the museum, killing in order to do so. The Doctor and Leamington-Smith travel to London by UNIT helicopter in an attempt to intercept Imogen at the airport - she must be prevented at all costs from returning the focusing amplifier to the tumulus. In the ensuing chase, Imogen uses the relic's psionic properties to explode a pursuit helicopter and elude her pursuers, and makes for Pengriffen. While UNIT gives chase, the Doctor tells Leamington-Smith that they're going to UNIT HQ.

Meanwhile, Sarah has escaped from her makeshift cell at Pengriffen Manor. She returns to the Institute, where Dr Ludgate tells her that the Doctor is in London. Convinced that there isn't a moment to lose in stopping Flint, Sarah persuades Ludgate to accompany her back to the Manor. There she shows him the secret laboratory, and he pulls a gun on her; it transpires that Ludgate is Flint's acolyte. Sarah is marched back to her cell.

On the moors, Imogen arrives at the tumulus. The earth bursts open and she throws the focusing amplifier into the glowing abyss. As the energy builds, Sancreda roars from the bowels of the earth...

## PART FOUR

At UNIT HQ, a commanding officer (it would be lovely if this could be a cameo by the Brigadier, but failing that it's a temporary replacement because the Brig's in Geneva) tells the Doctor that deep-space tracking stations have picked up a large

object approaching Earth. The Doctor's suspicions are confirmed and a speedy return to Cornwall is essential. To avoid the fate that met the helicopter, he and Leamington-Smith use Bessie, fitted with her 'superdrive' system, to beat the tedium of the A303.

At the Institute, Professor Morgan decides to go and investigate the dig for himself.

The Doctor and Leamington-Smith arrive back at the Institute. The Doctor explains that the alien beneath the tumulus is a Tregannan who has been stranded on Earth since prehistory. The psionic energy of the Tregannans can be transducted over vast distances, and over the centuries Sancreda has been periodically revived from his suspended animation by the chance proximity to Earth of a Tregannan spacecraft, whose energy-source has provided the necessary power to rouse him from his sleep. Tregannans, who live for hundreds of thousands of years, are linked by cyber-surgical implants to their own spacecraft, and now, with the focusing amplifier, Sancreda has at last been able to transmit a distress call to his brother's ship in deep space. His power is increasing as the ship approaches, and he will soon be able to regenerate himself in a physical form. It was Sancreda's psychic manipulation which interfered with the telepathic circuits of the TARDIS and drew it to Pengriffen in the first place.

Professor Morgan returns from the dig to tell the Doctor that the tumulus has broken open. Leamington-Smith suggests that they investigate, but the Doctor warns him that from now on they must stay away from the moor; that is where Sancreda's power is strongest. There is nothing they can do at the moment apart from warn people away from the area. Morgan volunteers to go to Pengriffen Manor to alert Sir Archibald and his household staff.

The Doctor, meanwhile, investigates Imogen's cottage and finds himself held at gunpoint by the old woman, who has been promised power and riches if she obeys the will of Sancreda.

At the institute, Sarah is rescued from her cell by Morgan. Shocked, he shows her the bodies of Ludgate and Flint, horribly mutilated. The laboratory is in ruins. They return to the Institute.

The Doctor tricks Imogen and escapes. Reunited with Sarah, Leamington-Smith and Morgan, he explains that the alien is on the loose. He realises the truth just as it becomes apparent: 'Morgan' now reveals himself to be Sancreda, who murdered the real Morgan at the dig and assumed his shape. He then volunteered to go to the Manor so that he could kill Flint and Ludgate ('How else should I reward those who plotted to enslave me?'). Imogen has failed him by allowing the Doctor to escape, and in any case she is of no further use; Sancreda sends a psychic impulse into the minds of her two beloved terriers who, back at the cottage, turn on her and eat her alive.

The Doctor condemns this heartless carnage. As Sancreda assumes his true form - a demonic hobgoblin of ancient legend - he declares that he is merely swatting at insects; he cares nothing for the Earth, but has long ago sworn revenge on Scryfan, the brother who deserted him on this planet thousands of years before. When Scryfan's ship arrives, Sancreda will destroy him.

The Doctor points out that the spaceship is not going to enter Earth's orbit; its trajectory is clearly taking it beyond Earth and back out into deep space. Sancreda



demands to be taken to the ship in the TARDIS, which he has telekinetically transported inside the tumulus. Using Sarah and Leamington-Smith as hostages, Sancreda forces the Doctor to materialise the TARDIS on board the Tregannan spacecraft. They do so; but it is empty.

The Doctor deduces the truth: Sancreda's brother has been on Earth all along. His last remains are the fragments of animal bone found in the fogou. He was inadvertently shot by Sancreda all those thousands of years ago in his flight through the blizzard to reach the spacecraft, which had already been programmed for automatic take-off. We have a flashback to the prologue scene, and we realise that 'Farewell, my brother' were Scryfan's dying words.

Consumed by despair and rage at being denied his long-meditated revenge, Sancreda vows that he will use the ship's formidable weapon systems to destroy the Earth. The Doctor warns him not to do so; the thousands of years of inactivity will almost certainly have caused a static build-up in the empty spacecraft which will cause the psionic cannon to misfire. Sancreda ignores him and prepares the weaponry; the Doctor ushers his friends into the TARDIS and dematerialises just before Sancreda fires the cannon, blowing the ship and himself to oblivion.

Back at the institute, the Doctor declines an invitation by Leamington-Smith to deliver a lecture about Cornish fogous at the next archaeological symposium. Leaving UNIT to coordinate the wrapping-up operation, the Doctor returns Sarah to London - this time, on her insistence, in Bessie.